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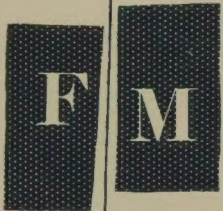
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Schweppshire LADS

It is our pleasure and privilege this year
to record certain extracts from the Schweppshire Roll, wherein are
recorded the names of Schweppshire Lads who have Made Good



LET us present for a start J. O. Crate. His parents were poor but they were tremendously kind to him. At his School there was not a single unkind master. The weather was mostly good and though he was the youngest child he was never spoilt, nor, alternatively, was he ever in the least bashed. His young parents soon treated him as if he were one of their own generation; and an atmosphere of affectionate friendliness pervaded Bean Hall Quarry Field, the lowly site of their cottage.

After a happy year as a gnome-carver's apprentice, Crate was soon writing books all about pleasant subjects with titles like *Sunset over the Rushes* and *Cotswold Cupid*, which mixed up young people with nature, but in a harmless way. The only sadness in his life was that none of these books sold more than 450 copies.

How did the change come? It may have been the occasion when he became so tremendously nice to his mother that she got fed up and called him sloppy-chops. Then there was the unexpected effectiveness of his reply—"You nasty old hay bag". There was the sensation, leading to quite a big sale, when his "*Birdsong and Dawning*" was misprinted as "*Yawning*," trebling the sales. Anyhow it was about this time that Crate suddenly achieved a successful Angry Young Manhood. He wrote a novel showing up, in exceptionally thin disguise, the rottenness of his prep. school: he created a new philosophy in his *No Go*: he cut his aged Father dead "because", he said "of his unpleasant limp". Everybody loved it, everybody bought his books, and he now lives in luxury, more tremendously angry than ever, although every now and then, behind locked doors, he arranges flowers, pats the head of his Alsatian, and writes secret letters, which he never posts, to his sweet old nurse.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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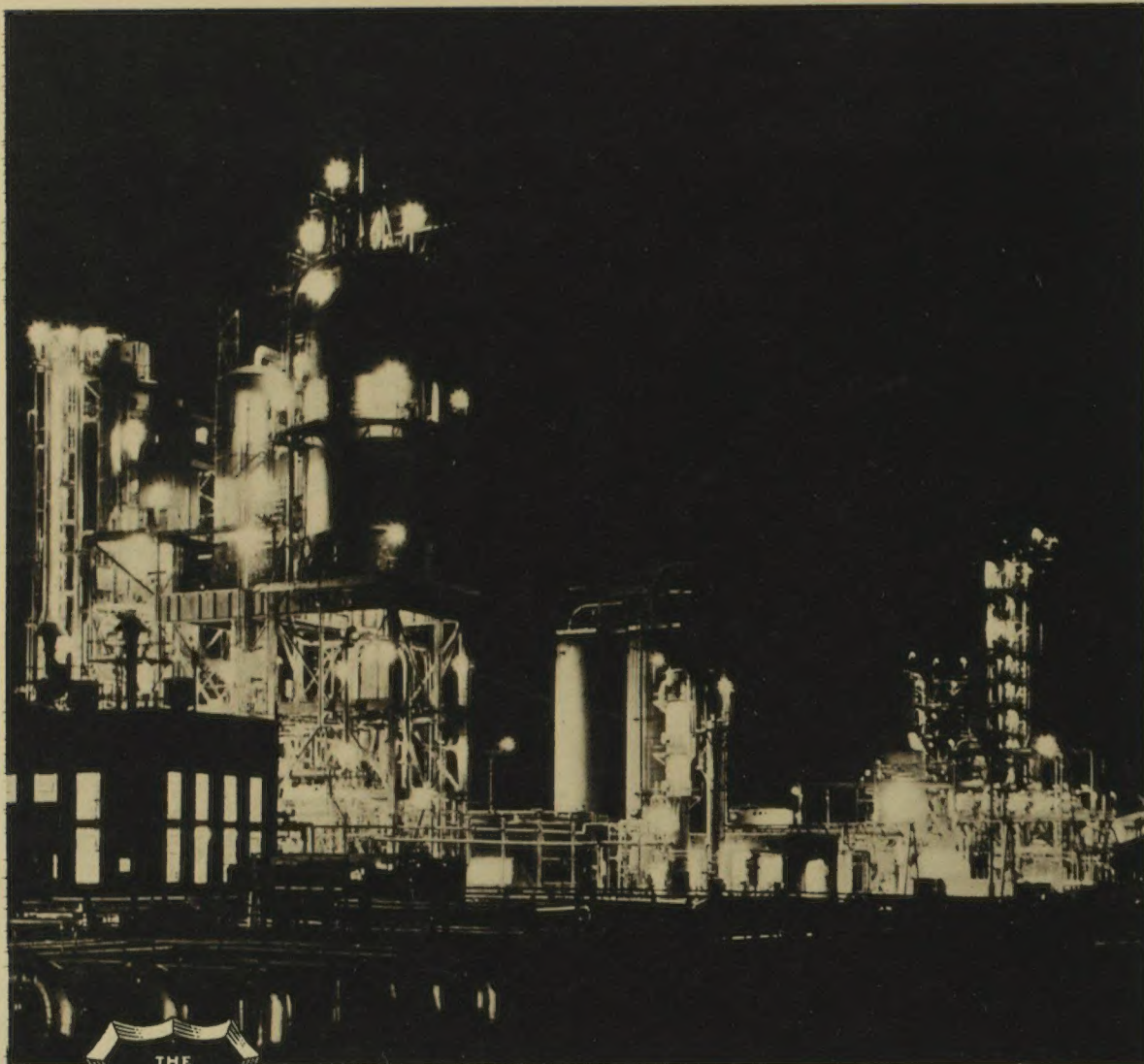
'Mr. Smith, our neighbour, took this photograph the day our Standard Ten arrived. As you can see we were thrilled to bits. We still are. Jim, my husband, says the Ten has a really exciting engine and its more than modest petrol consumption suits our budget fine. I love the smart dual-tone upholstery, and the comfy, roomy interior, and it is such an advantage to be able to fold the back seats forward and have so much extra luggage space, especially when we go on holiday.'

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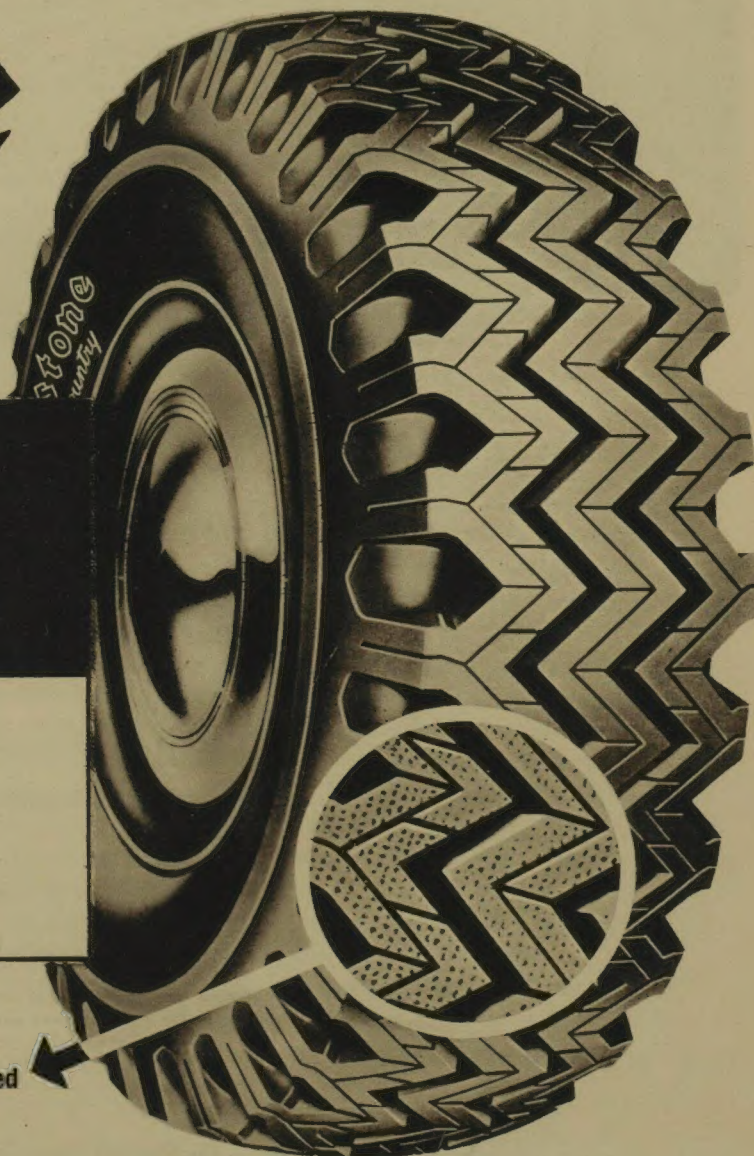
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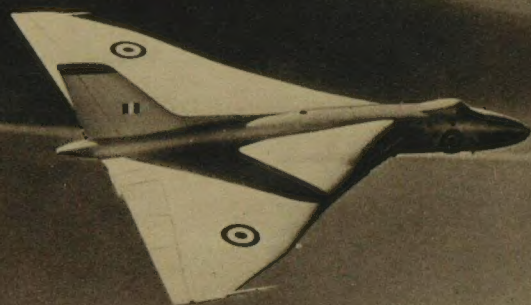




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But make yourself a White Horse toddy
at bed time—then feel an inner warmth
and a glow of well-being disarming
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An open letter TO PARENTS OF AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN



From: Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C.



AIR MINISTRY (ILN3A),
ADASTRAL HOUSE,
THEOBALDS ROAD,
LONDON WC1

Dear Sir,

Suggesting a career is always a big responsibility—not least for parents with a son growing up. In the final analysis, the choice must lie with your son himself. But you can help him in his choice.

Here, therefore, are some facts about one career which is particularly attractive to an ambitious young man. I refer to a flying career in the Royal Air Force.

First, let me assure you that flying will continue in the Royal Air Force for as far ahead as can be foreseen. The Royal Air Force has the prime responsibility for the air defence of this country. For young men therefore who are trained to tackle the problems of the air in the air, there will be more—not fewer—opportunities in the missile age. This is especially true of those who qualify now for a permanent or short service commission and come successfully through their Pilot's, Navigator's or Air Electronics Officer's training.

It is a well-paid job. In how many callings can a man of 25 earn £1,500 a year? It is a job of high responsibility. Quite apart from flying and its fascinating skills, there are the manifold duties of an officer; to men under him; in staff, liaison or training jobs; and perhaps, in high command.

You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this magnificent (but exacting) life. If he is over 17½ and has G.C.E. or equivalent to the required standard, you may be doing him a service if you write to the Air Ministry for fuller information.

Let me add that the country needs the right kind of young men for this vitally important job, and it needs them now.

Yours faithfully,

Air Member for Personnel

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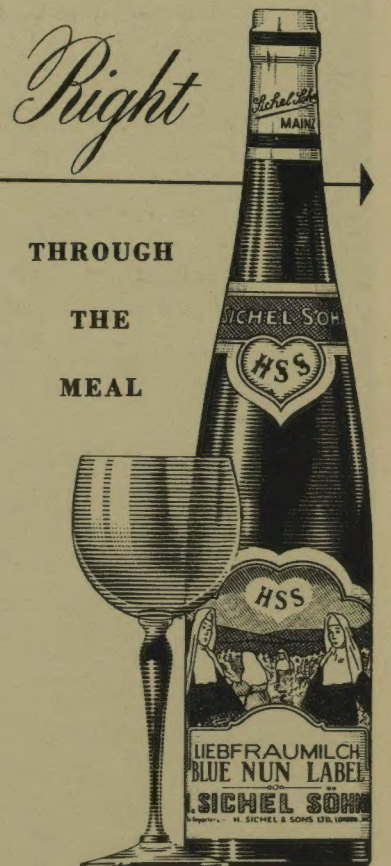
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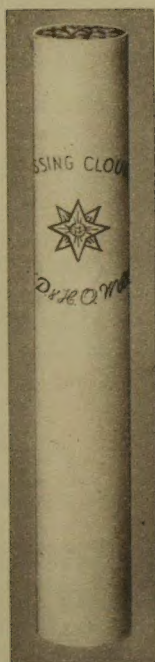
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A: Whenever they feel like it. It's only Roundheads that bore everyone by doing things at Set Times.



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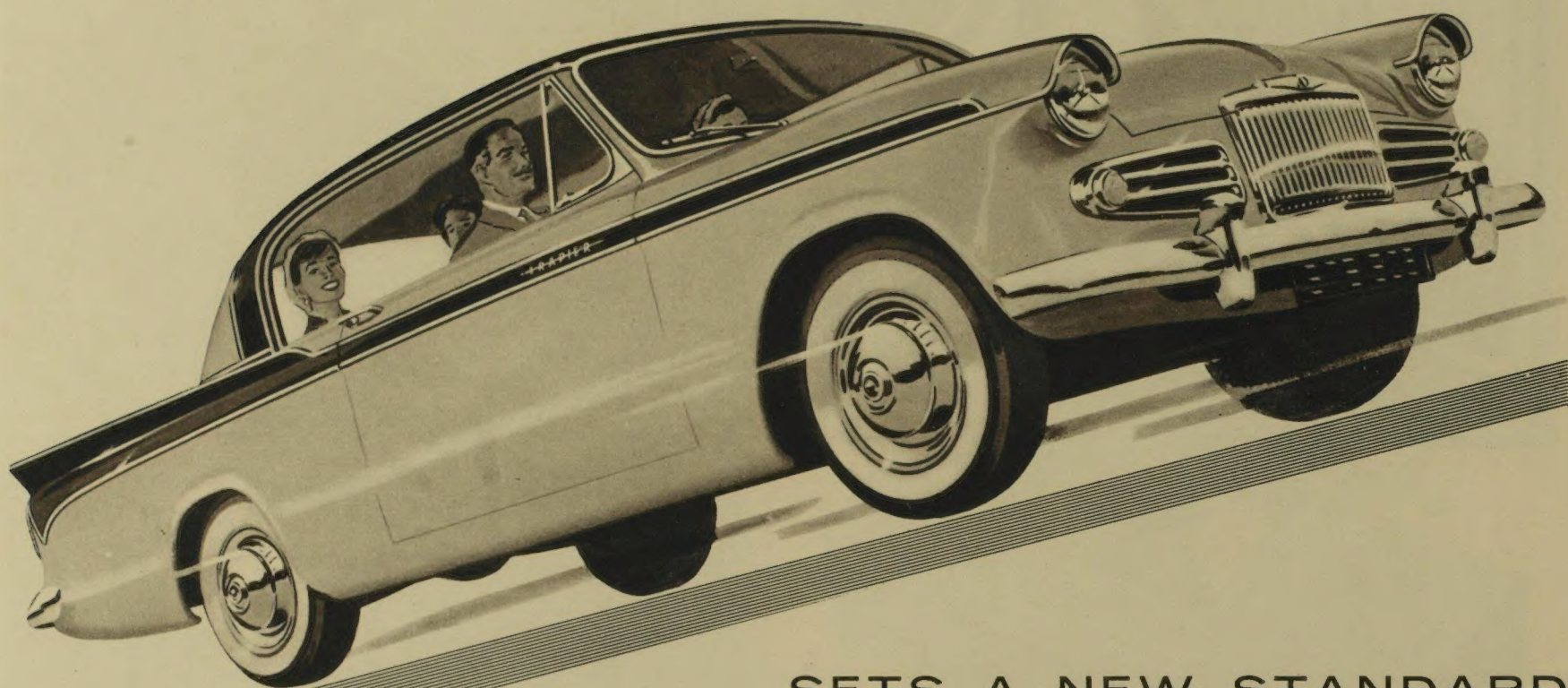
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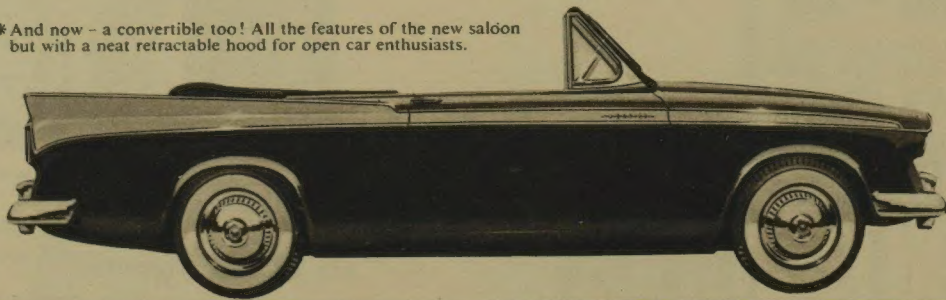
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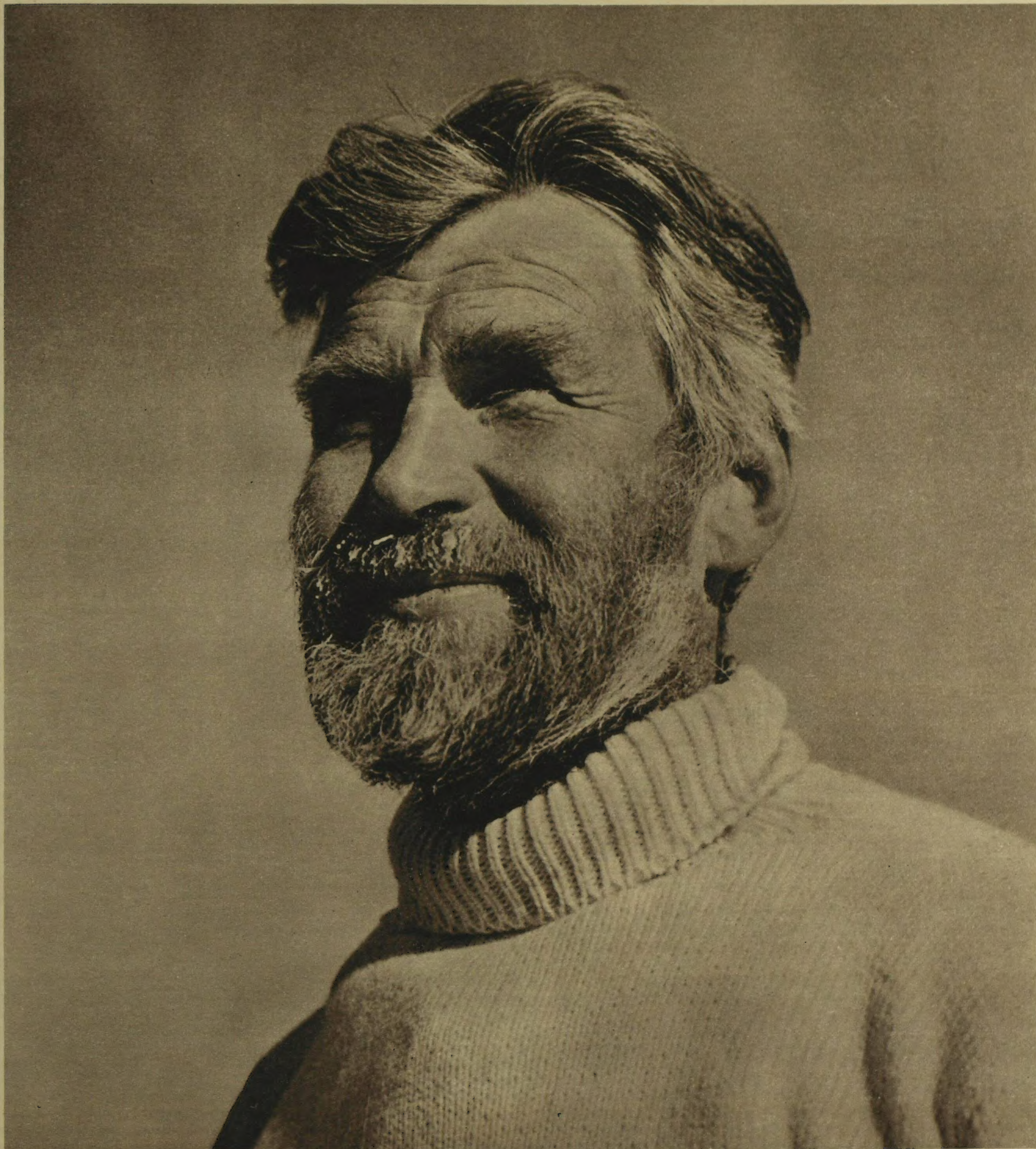
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SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1958.



GREETED AT SCOTT BASE WITH NEWS OF A KNIGHTHOOD AND THE SINGING OF "WHY WAS HE BORN SO BEAUTIFUL?":
DR. VIVIAN FUCHS, THE TRIUMPHANT LEADER OF THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

At 1.47 on the afternoon of March 2 Dr. Vivian Fuchs and his party completed their 2200-mile trek and became the first men ever to have crossed the Antarctic continent by land. Their memorable journey took 99 days—one day less than the time planned when they set out from Shackleton Base on November 24. What will go down in history as one of the world's great journeys of discovery came to a close on a fine, sunny day, and the victorious party was given a rousing welcome at Scott Base. Among the many messages of warm congratulation was one from the Queen and one announcing her Majesty's intention of conferring a knighthood on Dr. Fuchs.

When this was read out there was loud shouting and cheering, followed by the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow," and "Why was he born so beautiful?" Dr. Fuchs and his party had left the South Pole on January 24—some days behind schedule—and reached Depot 700 on February 7. Here they were joined by Sir Edmund Hillary, leader of the New Zealand party which had set up the depots used for the remainder of the trek, who guided them on the final lap to Scott Base. This epic journey—much of which was carried out in temperatures of more than 20 degrees F. below zero—was a notable feat of foresight, endurance and co-operation.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHY, in the name of fortune—or, perhaps, one should say misfortune, for to be a "landlord" in these days is more often than not a misfortune—shouldn't a landlord be allowed to dispose of his property for what it will fetch in the market, like the owner of any other species of property? And why shouldn't he be allowed to occupy or enjoy it himself if he wishes or needs to? These two fundamental questions lie at the root of the agitation and controversy over the Rent Act, but, though many other questions are being asked by parties both interested and disinterested, these two questions seem never to be asked at all. Yet until the nation, and Parliament which is its mouthpiece and representative as well as its ruler, asks them, the problem cannot be satisfactorily settled. And as it affects men's homes as well as their liberties—the two most important terrestrial things a man can possess—it is extremely important that it should be settled.

For nearly half a century, ever since the First World War, the greater part of the rented house property of this country has been removed by Act of Parliament out of the ordinary free market, out of the operation, that is, of the laws of supply and demand. Since the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1948 agricultural land has been taken out of it too. The effect of such legislation has been to make it impossible for a man, who happened to own house property or land which at the time of such Acts he had leased under a free contract to another man, to exercise his contractual right to terminate that contract. This, whatever its social effects or intentions, was exceedingly unjust, because while it left one of the two contracting parties free to terminate the contract into which he had voluntarily entered whenever, subject to its terms, it seemed to him to his advantage to do so, it deprived the other of his equivalent right, without which he would certainly not have entered into the original contract. The practical result of such legislation, apart from the diminution of that other party's freedom, was to confiscate part of the value of his property and confer it on the other party, his tenant. Though it was not an act of total confiscation, it was, in a very real sense, an act of partial confiscation. Nor, though it was confiscation or part-confiscation by the State, was it confiscation for the State. For what it took from the landlord, it conferred on the tenant. It made the one worse off and the other better off. It robbed Peter to pay Paul.

Fortunately for Parliament, or rather for its individual members who depend for their seats on the votes of their constituents, there were far more tenants than landlords. And, as everyone dislikes paying rent, however freely, even enthusiastically, he originally entered into a contract or promise to do so, and as landlords were, generally speaking, unpopular—some of them, though by no means all, justly so—this Robin Hood or, to give it a harsher name, robber legislation, aroused little effective protest. The owner of cheap rented house property—for the Act only applied to house property below a certain rateable value—found himself several pounds or hundreds of pounds or thousands of pounds, as the case might be, the

poorer. For if he tried to sell his property he could now only do so subject to the permanent restrictive rights Parliament had conferred on his tenant, which meant that he could only do so for a much smaller sum than he had paid for it or than it had been worth when he inherited it. And as he could neither terminate the lease of his house when the contract he had made gave him a contractual right to do so—the process, which a tenant calls eviction—nor demand, when such time came, a higher rent for voluntarily renewing the tenancy, the inflationary rise in the cost of living hit the landlord of cheap property very hard. And as a very large proportion of such landlords were themselves men and women in modest circumstances, a great deal, not only of injustice, but of real hardship was inflicted by legislation whose

A HOLBORN RENT ACT RIOT.



THE END OF A ROWDY RENT ACT MEETING IN HOLBORN HALL WHICH THE MINISTER OF HOUSING HAD TRIED TO ADDRESS: DEMONSTRATORS STRUGGLING ON THE PLATFORM.

On February 24 Mr. Henry Brooke, Minister of Housing, went to Holborn Hall to speak about the Rent Act to a public meeting convened by the local Conservative Association. The meeting, which was attended by some 500 people, ended after twenty minutes in a scene of confusion and uproar. Pamphlets had been distributed at the door and Mr. Brooke was greeted by loud booing and stamping of feet from the back of the hall. His efforts to make himself heard were almost totally unsuccessful, and when people began to surge towards the platform the Minister and the platform party left the hall. Brawling broke out on and around the platform and after some time the police arrived and cleared the hall, though no arrests were made. Mr. Brooke, who had to return to the House of Commons by 9 p.m., spoke to the Press before he left. It was stated that Communists and Fascists were largely responsible for the uproar.

original purpose was to prevent hardship. If the landlord, as was generally the case, was responsible under the original lease for major repairs, the position frequently became an impossible one. For with the steady rise in prices brought about by two world wars and the creation of the Welfare State, the cost of such repairs rose fourfold or even more, while the rent the tenant had originally contracted to pay in order, *inter alia*, to cover such repairs remained the same, regardless of the passage of time and the revolutionary change in the value of money. It is probably true to say that there was not a single tenancy negotiated before the Rent Restrictions Acts were passed which would have been negotiated under the terms on which it was negotiated had the unfortunate landlord been able to foresee these Acts and their, for him, disastrous consequences. Nor did the Acts only diminish the wealth of landlords. They increasingly diminished that of the nation, because they discouraged and in many cases made it completely impossible for landlords to preserve and improve their property—what under a free system it should be to the interest of a property owner to do. And the state of the homes in which its people live and its sons and

daughters grow up is a very material part of the wealth of a nation. And if they are not properly looked after, the nation suffers.

It is to remedy this state of affairs that the present Government, though tragically belatedly, has tried to reshape the crazy structure of the Rent Acts. In doing so it has aroused a storm of opposition. At first the opposition took the form of popular indignation at the idea of rents being raised to an economic or near-economic level. This, however, died away quickly, partly because the cheaper and more numerous dwelling houses affected by the Acts still remain, with their rents, safeguarded by them, and partly because, even where de-restriction applied, the existing level of controlled rents was so fantastically below the economic rent-level of unrestricted house property to-day.

At the moment agitation against the Government's measures is taking the form of indignant popular protest at the prospect of the eviction next autumn of a number of tenants who are now no longer protected by Parliament from the enforcement of the covenants to which they or their predecessors voluntarily bound themselves and whose landlords wish either to sell or to occupy themselves the houses or flats in which they are living. The number of such cases does not look like being very large and is probably to be numbered in thousands, rather than in tens of thousands. But it undoubtedly will involve real individual hardship, and it is natural and proper that Parliament and Press should be anxious to prevent or, if it cannot prevent, alleviate such hardship. Yet it is well to remember, if greater ultimate hardship is not to be inflicted, that justice demands that wherever contractual rights exist between two parties, any variation by the State or any other outside authority or arbitrator should be based on a careful consideration of the just rights of both parties. And if there is any justification

for the rights of private property at all—and it is difficult to see how personal freedom can exist without it in some form—a man whose property is in houses or land has as much right to justice at the hands of the Legislature as one whose property is in stocks and shares, in factories or shops, in a motor-car or jewellery, in a fur coat, a television set or even a lottery or Pools ticket. It may be argued that private individuals should not own houses or land and that all such ownership should be vested in the Crown. That is, at least, a logical contention, though it should be added that in that event, unless all private property is to be treated likewise and confiscated without compensation, those dispossessed ought to receive a fair market price from the rest of the community for the property of which they are deprived.

I should perhaps add that I have no personal interest in defending the rights of those whose livelihood or heritage depends on the rents of tenanted property nor am I ever likely to possess any. But like every subject of the Crown, I have an interest in the preservation and maintenance of justice and in helping to ensure that every fellow subject receives it. For if it is denied to another, what guarantee have I that it will not one day be denied to me?



(1) WHERE DR. FUCHS' PARTY MET SIR EDMUND HILLARY, WHO ACTED AS GUIDE FOR THE LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY: DEPOT 700, SHOWING TWO OF THE *SNO-CATS*. THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ARE OF MEMBERS OF DR. FUCHS' PARTY, AND ARE AS FOLLOWS: (2) MR. RALPH LENTON, RADIO ENGINEER; (3) DR. HAL LISTER, A GLACIOLOGIST; (4) MR. GEORGE LOWE, PHOTOGRAPHER; (5) MR. DAVID PRATT, ENGINEER, AND (6) MR. GEOFFREY PRATT, A GEOPHYSICIST.

ANTARCTICA PROVED A CONTINENT: SOME MEMBERS OF THE SUCCESSFUL SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION, AND DEPOT 700.

Some preliminary conclusions about the nature of Antarctica and details of their 2200-mile trek across the continent were revealed by Dr. Fuchs and members of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition the day after their arrival at Scott Base on March 2, which is reported on our front page. During the journey, seismic shots had been made at intervals of 30 miles before reaching the Pole, and of about 60 miles afterwards, and gravimetric recordings were carried out approximately every 15 miles throughout. Preceding these scientific tests, it was not certain that Antarctica was continuous land—it could well have been a number of islands cemented together by ice. According to Mr. Geoffrey Pratt, a geophysicist with the party, the

recordings showed "There is nothing below sea-level anywhere." He also said there were no mountains in the interior to compare with those of the McMurdo area; the general level of the underlying land on the McMurdo side of the Pole was much higher than on the Weddell Sea side, and crevasses in the interior usually indicated there were mountain-tops not far below. Speaking of the *Sno-Cats*, to which considerable alterations had been made, Dr. Fuchs said they had been excellent, going well anywhere except in crevasse country. There had been no losses among the *Sno-Cats*. The expedition was to sail from Scott Base to New Zealand in H.M.N.Z.S. *Endeavour* some days after completing their historic journey across Antarctica.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN SYDNEY: A CROWDED FOUR DAYS.



ARRIVING FROM BRISBANE ON FEBRUARY 21: THE QUEEN MOTHER ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF THE CROWD AS SHE LEAVES HER AIRCRAFT AT SYDNEY.



WITH AN ESCORT OF MOUNTED POLICE: THE ROYAL CAR MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF SYDNEY ON THE WAY TO THE TOWN HALL, WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER HEARD THE LORD MAYOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



DURING THE STATE RECEPTION AT SYDNEY TOWN HALL ON FEBRUARY 21: THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVING THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.



AT THE SURF CARNIVAL AT MANLY ON FEBRUARY 22: SOME OF THE 2000 LIFE-SAVERS FROM SEVENTY-THREE CLUBS MARCHING PAST HER MAJESTY.



WITH SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S LEADING SPORTSWOMEN: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MARLENE MATTHEWS, THE OLYMPIC ATHLETE, AT THE WOMEN'S RECEPTION IN SYDNEY.



OUTSIDE SYDNEY TOWN HALL SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN THE CITY: THE QUEEN MOTHER REPLYING TO THE LORD MAYOR'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

On February 21, eight days after her arrival in Australia, H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother brought to an end her three-day visit to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and flew to Sydney, capital of the neighbouring State of New South Wales. At the airport the Queen Mother was welcomed by the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir Eric Woodward, and other officials, before setting off on the nine-mile drive to the centre of the city and Government House. More than half a million people had gathered along the route to welcome their Royal visitor. Later in the day, when her Majesty was driving from Government House to the State reception at the Town Hall, there were scenes of wild enthusiasm, and the Royal car was several times brought almost to a halt by the surging crowds. The following day was

AN AUSTRALIAN WELCOME FOR H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER.



AMONG SOME OF THE 150,000 CHILDREN WHO ASSEMBLED IN SYDNEY ON FEBRUARY 25 TO GREET THE QUEEN MOTHER: HER MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING A SPIRITED OVATION AS SHE DRIVES OUT OF THE CROWDED SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND.

DURING A CROWDED DAY IN SYDNEY ON FEBRUARY 24: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH SOME OF THE 1200 GUESTS AT THE CIVIC RECEPTION HELD IN THE TOWN HALL.



SHOWING A KEEN INTEREST IN A CHARACTERISTIC AUSTRALIAN SPORT: THE QUEEN MOTHER AMONG SOME OF THE SURF BATHERS AT MANLY.



MAKING HER WAY TO HER CAR THROUGH THE DENSELY-PACKED CROWD: THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY, AFTER ATTENDING MATINS ON FEBRUARY 23.



A WELCOME FOR AN UNEXPECTED GUEST: THE QUEEN MOTHER BECKONING TO A STRAY DOG DURING AN UNVEILING CEREMONY AT SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

one of great heat but again huge crowds had gathered wherever the Queen Mother was to be seen. That afternoon her Majesty attended Australia's biggest surf carnival at Manly, in which 2000 life-savers gave a display. On the Sunday (February 23) thousands thronged into the centre of Sydney to watch the Queen Mother's drive to St. Andrew's Anglican Cathedral, where she attended Matins. The following day opened with a visit to suburban housing projects. In the evening her Majesty made a nation-wide broadcast, in which she paid tribute to all she had so far seen in Australia. On her final morning in Sydney the Queen Mother visited three outdoor assemblies where thousands of children had gathered to welcome her. After a garden party at Government House she left Sydney by air for Canberra.



WHILE ATTENDING THE WOMEN'S RECEPTION AT THE TROCADERO ON FEBRUARY 24: HER MAJESTY STUDYING A MODEL OF THE WINNING ENTRY IN THE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE COMPETITION.

ON Sunday, June 28, 1914, at the junction of the Appel Quay and Francis-Joseph Street, in the capital of Bosnia, the small town of Sarajevo, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent to the Austrian throne, and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were mortally wounded by two pistol shots fired from the crowd which had turned out to welcome them. The murderer, a consumptive youth named Gavrilo Princip, was a Bosnian Serb and thus an Austrian subject; but he had come from Belgrade and there had been given the Browning with which he accomplished the deed. The donor was a Serbian officer in the intelligence service. Years of investigation have not involved the Serbian Government in the crime, though some evidence, not universally accepted by the experts, would have it that the then Prime Minister believed there was a murder plot of some sort.

This highly dramatic incident brought about the First World War. The isolation of the scene deprived it of political significance for the man in the street, though he realised the drama and felt mildly shocked. Even the money market, supposed to be a good barometer, took the affair lightly. Only inside the foreign ministries, the war offices, and the embassies was there the buzz of speculation and anxiety. Of course the Browning revolver only lit a spark. It would have done little harm, outside the Austro-Hungarian Empire, had there not been half a dozen powder-trails within its reach. The factors which made the war possible are numerous and complex. The prime agent was the murder.

Many people have asserted with confidence that, had Britain at an early stage in the negotiations and intrigues which followed made it clear that she would support France and Russia, the war would not have taken place. This is the sort of sweeping statement favoured by the hasty or the dabblers. One might, however, say without exaggeration that in all likelihood this would have been the case, though I myself still feel that Germany might have faced the risk. The British Government and the party which supported it were too divided for this step to be practicable. The decision to intervene for the preservation of Belgian integrity came too late. And so we became involved in the greatest war hitherto waged.

Twenty-five years later a "corridor" and a free city replaced the archduke. This time the situation was less complex and the onus of guilt could be more definitely assigned to the aggressor. The scope of the lusts and ambitions of Hitler makes those of the men of 1914 seem trifling by comparison. The absorption of all the Teutonic peoples, the control of all the major industries of Europe, the colonisation of the Ukraine and other agricultural regions by the over-spill of the master race: this was devilry on a grandiose scale. Britain proved, in effect, less hesitant than in 1914, but the long previous period of hesitancy and division caused Hitler to doubt whether she would fight. Her close ally, France, significantly took six hours longer to go to war.

These were the two world wars, the only two wars which have been given that title. In one case delay in speaking our mind, in the other the aggressor's belief that we should bend to any challenge, may have tipped the balance to the side of war. In both cases we were unprepared for war, though in 1914 by no means so miserably as in 1939. Now the best part of another generation has passed and for the third time—such is the nature of man in society—similar doubts, divisions,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

CONFUSION IN THINKING ON DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and uncertainty of purpose have appeared. "Appeasement," once a word of reproach, whether justifiably or not, looks as if it might be accepted as praiseworthy in some quarters. This time there seems to be a confusion of thought surpassing any prevalent on the two earlier occasions.

I wrote last week on the subject of defence with special reference to nuclear warfare. I return to it in search of greater clarity. Three related dilemmas, often mixed up in arguments, can be

A LANCASHIRE AIR DISASTER.



INSPECTING THE WRECKAGE OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE SILVER CITY AIRWAYS BRISTOL WAYFARER IN WHICH THIRTY-FIVE PASSENGERS DIED: RESCUERS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH ON WINTER HILL, NEAR BOLTON, LANCASHIRE.

Thirty-five men, members of a party of Manx motor traders, who were flying to Lancashire on February 27 to visit a factory, died when their chartered aircraft, a Bristol Wayfarer belonging to Silver City Airways, crashed into a hillside above the Lancashire town of Horwich at about 9.45 a.m. The aircraft, which was on its way from Ronaldsway, Isle of Man, to Ringway, Manchester, broke into three parts and wreckage and bodies were strewn over a wide area. The crash was only 350 yards from the Independent Television Authority transmitting station and mast on the hilltop, but the engineers there knew nothing of it until the injured first officer of the aircraft, Mr. W. Haworth, reached the station in his search for help. The crash had taken place in appalling weather conditions, and rescuers had to fight their way through deep snowdrifts to reach the scene. All those who were killed came from the Isle of Man. The crew of three, including the stewardess (the only woman aboard the aircraft), were among the seven survivors, all of whom were injured.

traced. First, should we abandon the megaton-bomb as a means of defence? This is an extreme solution, unlikely to be accepted, though some of those who profess not to accept it have, in fact, come near to doing so. Secondly, if we continue to rely on the bomb, should we leave production to the United States and use the money otherwise? This is a lesser problem, but still important and closely connected with the next. Thirdly, are we making a nuclear war more likely by failure to provide sufficient strength in conventional forces and weapons to face eventualities of another kind?

I have constantly argued that the nuclear deterrent is—a deterrent. I do so still, though increased speed of aircraft and still more long-range missiles, even medium-range, render its efficiency more dubious. I recognise also that this dilemma contains another within it, that we cannot advocate the abandonment of all these abominable weapons by all countries at once, without making sure that we are not left at the mercy of conventional

armies vastly exceeding in strength our own and those of all our allies combined. The greatest advantage derived from making our own bombs is not prestige but the right to a say in their use. But it must be recognised that in the present state of affairs nobody's "say" can represent an absolute power. This question can be reopened, but if there were to be a General Election bringing in a Labour Government next week I doubt if we should see a change.

On the third point I have more than once expressed anxiety. But surely people make out things to be far worse than they are by suggesting that it is Britain's policy to retaliate to "anything above a border skirmish" with the full weight of nuclear weapons. Were Russian armies, four-fold stronger or more than the forces of N.A.T.O., to start rolling forward to the Channel, this would be a threat of the fiercest kind. The host could not be stopped by the conventional forces and means available. Some may honestly believe that we ought then to accept slavery. We should get it if we were known to reason thus. The line between major and medium aggression cannot, however, be found by figures. It is a matter of common sense, a scarce commodity with some of the controversialists. The decision is one which only governments can make.

These problems, while agonising, are not as complex as they appear in speeches, articles, and correspondence in the Press. For example, to proceed from the statement that nuclear weapons are not likely to be used to the assertion that they are useless is surely a *non sequitur*. If they were abandoned by the West, we should soon find out how useful they had been.

A friend, Mr. Michael Howard, says in a letter to *The Times* that strength is not enough; "we need



WHERE MOST OF THE SEVEN SURVIVORS WERE SEATED: THE TAIL PORTION OF THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT, WHICH BROKE INTO THREE PARTS.

a policy and forces flexible enough" to deal quickly with violence on a secondary scale brought about by common frictions. I agree with every word. That is why, he goes on, critics of the defence policy are disquieted by "the emphasis which it lays on the continual strengthening of an already massive deterrent," rather than provision of conventional forces to increase the flexibility of defence and the improbability of global war. I have gone near to saying this, perhaps too near. Does he know—I do not—whether, in fact, the strength of the deterrent has increased *relatively*? If not, we cannot afford to strip it, however desirable would be strength at the other end. As for emphasis, it does not sound an easy task to make an H-bomb unemphatic.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



INDONESIA. THE INDONESIAN CRISIS: REBELS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST PRESIDENT SUKARNO AT PADANG, SUMATRA.



INDONESIA. TAKING PART IN THE BLOCKADE OF REBEL PORTS BY THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT: THE FLAGSHIP (A DESTROYER) OF INDONESIA'S NAVY. A rebel Government was reported to have been proclaimed on February 15 in Padang, Sumatra. Since then, the Central Government in Jakarta (Java) has ordered its aircraft to attack rebel centres. On March 3, the former Vice-President, Dr. Hatta, who is said to have rebel support, was to have talks with President Sukarno. Two rebel leaders are Colonels Simbolon and Hussein.



EGYPT. AFTER THE PLEBISCITE ON THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC: PRESIDENT NASSER APPEARING BEFORE JUBILANT CROWDS IN CAIRO.

There were enthusiastic scenes in Cairo following the plebiscite of February 21, in which 99.99 per cent. of votes in Egypt, and 99.98 per cent. in Syria, approved the formation of the new United Arab Republic, and a mere handful of voters in either country opposed the appointment of Nasser as first head of state of the Republic.



EAST GERMANY. AT FUERSTENWALDE RECENTLY: TROOPS OF A RUSSIAN MECHANISED UNIT LEAVING FOR THE SOVIET UNION.

It was announced on February 18 by the Soviet C-in-C. in East Germany, General M. V. Sacharov, that the 41,000 troops to be withdrawn from Germany would be demobilised in the Soviet Union. The units for withdrawal include two mechanised divisions, one anti-aircraft division, and other artillery and anti-aircraft units.



NORWAY. IN OSLO: A CARGO OF FROZEN CARS—UNRECOGNISABLE UNDER THEIR COATING OF ICE—ARRIVING ON THE DECK OF A SHIP FROM GERMANY. THE CARS WERE REPORTED TO BE PROTECTED BY A LAYER OF GREASE.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM SITE: PART OF THE COFFER DAM ALMOST SUBMERGED BY THE SWIRLING ZAMBESI.

As reported previously, work on the Kariba hydro-electric project has for the second time been held up this year by exceptional flooding of the Zambesi River. On February 25 and on March 2 the floodwaters reached record levels, pouring over the walls of the circular coffer dam.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



TUNISIA. MR. MURPHY, THE U.S. MEDIATOR IN THE FRANCO-TUNISIAN DISPUTE, BEING GREETED BY PRESIDENT BOURGUIBA OF TUNISIA ON HIS ARRIVAL IN TUNIS ON FEBRUARY 25. Mr. Robert Murphy, the American Under-Secretary of State who was named as the mediator in the Franco-Tunisian dispute after the bombing of Sakiet, has visited London, Paris and Tunis for discussions. On leaving Tunis on March 2 he said he was very encouraged by his cordial discussions with Mr. Bourguiba.



ITALY. FOUND GUILTY BY THE FLORENCE COURT ON A CHARGE OF DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER: THE BISHOP OF PRATO, WHO REFUSED TO ATTEND THE TRIAL. On March 1 the Florence court delivered a verdict of guilty against the Bishop of Prato on a charge of defamation of character brought by Signor Bellandi, whose civil marriage was the subject of a pastoral letter. A small suspended fine was imposed.



UNITED STATES. LINING UP TO APPLY FOR UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS IN A MICHIGAN OFFICE: SOME OF THE 5,000,000 WORKERS NOW UNEMPLOYED IN THE UNITED STATES. At the beginning of March there were reported to be 5,000,000 unemployed in the United States, though 62,500,000 were still at work. The car industry is among those worst hit by this wave of unemployment, which is causing grave concern. 350,000 are out of work in Michigan State.



INDIA. WHERE SOME 180 MINERS LOST THEIR LIVES IN AN EXPLOSION ON FEB. 19: THE PIT-HEAD AT CHINAKURI, WITH SMOKE STILL BILLOWING OUT. Most of the 194 men underground died when there was an explosion in No. 2 pit at Chinakuri on February 19. There was another Indian mine disaster on the same day, when 23 were drowned by the flooding of the Central Bhowra Colliery.



NEPAL. TO ASSIST IN THE SEARCH FOR THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN": THREE BASSET HOUNDS SENT TO NEPAL FROM CALIFORNIA. THEY HAVE BEEN PLACED IN CHARGE OF SHERPA DAVA THEMBA, WHO TOOK PART IN THE ASCENT OF ANAPURNA.



PARIS. AMONG THE SENSATIONAL ACTS WHICH THE FAMOUS MOSCOW CIRCUS WILL BE SHOWING IN PARIS: A TIGER PLAYING WATER POLO DESPITE HIS INSTINCTIVE LOATHING OF WATER. THE MOSCOW CIRCUS WILL BE PERFORMING AT THE PALAIS DES SPORTS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BRUSSELS. AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: A MODEL OF THE BRITISH INDUSTRY SECTION OF THE BRITISH SITE AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. Two-thirds of the British site at the 1958 Brussels Universal and International Exhibition will be occupied by the British Industry Section organised by the F.B.I. Its central feature is the 300-ft.-long glass-walled Pavilion, in which about 500 firms are exhibiting on some sixty stands. A cinema, shops and an inn surround the Pavilion.



BRUSSELS. NEARING COMPLETION FOR THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION ON APRIL 17: THE BRITISH INDUSTRY PAVILION, DESIGNED BY EDWARD D. MILLS AND PARTNERS.



THE U.S. TO BE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF NEW YORK'S CARNEGIE HALL: A FORTY-FOUR-STOREY SKYSCRAPER SEEN HERE IN AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

New York's famous Carnegie Hall, in the heart of Manhattan, is to be demolished next year and a forty-four-storey skyscraper is to be erected on the site. The new building, which will cost nearly £8,000,000, will have a sunken plaza and will be known as the Carnegieplaza.

(Right.) **VENEZUELA.** IN THE CAPITAL OF AN OIL-RICH STATE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF NEW SKYSCRAPERS AND ROADS IN CARACAS' COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

In Caracas, the capital city of Venezuela, a South American republic which recently expelled its dictator and which is growing rich on the products of its oilfields, large modern buildings and roadways, of the kind illustrated above, are being built.



VENEZUELA. AN ARTIFICIAL PYRAMID IN CARACAS: THE SITE, PREPARED BY BULLDOZERS, FOR A LARGE, NEW BUSINESS CENTRE.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



(Above.)
HAVANA, CUBA. JUAN FANGIO (LEFT), THE WORLD CHAMPION RACING DRIVER, ON THE DAY BEFORE HE WAS KIDNAPPED BY REBELS, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE CUBAN PRESIDENT.

On February 23, the day before the Cuban Grand Prix race, Juan Fangio was kidnapped at gun point by Cuban rebels, as a protest against the Government's policy. He was released 27 hours later after what he described as "a most polite and luxurious kidnapping." The Grand Prix was run, but called off after a fatal accident.



(Right.)
THE UNITED STATES. RESCUING STRANDED PILOT WHALES: WORKERS ROLLING ONE OF THE WHALES ON TO A SPECIAL "STRETCHER." Workers at the Marine Studios at Marineland, in Florida, recently rescued seven pilot whales, part of a herd of fifty-seven which got stranded on Florida's Flagler Beach. They hauled them overland in special trucks and resettled them safely in a quiet lagoon.



HAWAII. "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS": U.S.S. GUDGEON RECEIVING A WARM WELCOME ON RETURNING TO PEARL HARBOUR AFTER HER VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

On February 21, U.S.S. *Gudgeon*, flagship of the Pacific submarine fleet, returned to base at Pearl Harbour, after sailing over 23,000 miles to become the first American submarine to sail round the world. Actual sailing time during a 150-day cruise was eighty days. This 1615-ton submarine was completed in 1952.



THE UNITED STATES. ON HOLIDAY IN GEORGIA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED WICKER SURREY, SETTING OUT TO HUNT QUAIL. President Eisenhower ended a ten-day holiday at Thomasville, Georgia, on February 23. On February 21, President Eisenhower and his host, Mr. George M. Humphrey, a former Secretary of the Treasury, spent the day hunting quail and it was reported that they bagged "ten birds between them." The two men used a wicker-seated surrey as a hunting wagon.



THE UNITED STATES. DURING "OPERATION WHALE RESCUE": A PILOT WHALE IS KEPT MOIST WITH WET CLOTHS DURING THE JOURNEY BY TRUCK.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA. DR. ARTURO FRONDIZI, THE NEWLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT THE POLLING STATION. The Presidential election ended in an overwhelming, and rather surprising, victory for the Intransigent Radical candidate, Dr. Arturo Frondizi, who received over 4,000,000 votes. It is believed that the Peronistas voted for Dr. Frondizi.

THE FRIENDSHIP AND QUARREL OF TWO FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

"HENRY JAMES AND H. G. WELLS. A RECORD OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP, THEIR DEBATE ON THE ART OF FICTION, AND THEIR QUARREL."
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LEON EDEL AND GORDON N. RAY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MANY years ago when Henry James's "Letters" were published, I was surprised (as, I dare say, were a great many other people) to find that he had been for some years a friend of H. G. Wells, and had freely corresponded with him—the one exchange which remains in my memory is that James implored Wells to remember his vocation as an artist, and that Wells replied that he wasn't an artist but a journalist. The two men seemed so utterly incompatible that it was difficult to imagine them having tête-à-têtes on any common ground whatever. James, a fastidious and courteous elderly gentleman, and Wells a young vulgarian of genius. The editors of this new, honest and lively account of the relations between this incongruous pair believe that they first met in 1898 when James was fifty-five and Wells thirty-two. Their first correspondence derived from James's ardent interest in junior practitioners of the art of the novel. Wells was at that time widely known as the author of works of the kind which derive from Jules Verne and would now, doubtless, be called science fiction. James detected Wells' remarkable powers in certain directions, and saw in him a brand to be plucked from the burning, as well as a writer who deserved all the encouragement he could get. The encounter might not have been prolonged, but Wells went to live on the Kentish coast only a few miles across Romney Marsh from Rye, where the stately James adorned Lamb House which adorned that exquisite little town. Contiguity bridged the gulf of incompatibility.

It would be unfair to suggest that Wells had no appreciation at all of James's remarkable gift. There is quoted here a letter of his to Arnold Bennett, who also had a good deal of Kipps in him, and was suspicious of people who moved easily in good society, telling Bennett that James's "The Wings of a Dove" was worth a host of the then fashionable novels put together, including the whole array of George Moore's. It would also be unfair to suggest that Wells was completely blind to beauty, whether in the works of God or in those of man. But it was not a main preoccupation of his. Put him on the top of an Alp, and he could admire the view as well as the next man, and describe it graphically but never so carefully and precisely as an artist like James. But there were things he never got over. One was his humble extraction, which always haunted his mind, though nobody else cared twopence about it: the other was his graduation from the Royal College of Science, where he thought that he had learnt how to teach his grandmother to suck eggs. After he and James had parted company, Wells wrote a great number of sociological novels, in none of which were the characters at all like human beings, and in most of which (with the exception of "The Undying Fire"—a modernisation of the Book of Job) he was palpably rolling moral and political logs.

When young Wells, amongst other brilliant short stories, wrote one called "The Country of the Blind"—in which a normally-sighted man arrived amidst a population of blind people—he rather envisaged himself, in England, in Europe, and in the world as the only man who could see. By degrees the whole structure of his illusions

crumpled and fell. The wonderful Utopia which he had supposed to be just over the horizon turned into a scene of carnage that had never been equalled, and he died depressed because that domination of the world by his brother-scientists had not resulted in universal peace, harmony and plenty—but in the atom bomb.

The friendship and the correspondence lasted for a good many years, with each party, according to his lights, being equally sincere and candid. But it had to end some time: Wells couldn't understand a gentleman and an utterly disinterested artist, and James couldn't understand Wells.

In 1916 (I think that it was in that year that James died, he was brought the Order of Merit on his death-bed, and merely remarked to his visitor, "Spare my blushes") Wells published a miscellany called "Boon," which he himself described later as a waste-paper basket into which he had thrown any oddment which he had lying about. Amongst the oddments was a cruel lampoon on James's manner of writing, which led up to a comparison of him with a hippopotamus trying to pick up a pea.

Well, the later Henry James, who dissected and dissected, refined and refined, qualified and qualified, about things and people which "the plain blunt man" deemed negligible, certainly

for a writer to put himself fully in the place of another writer who finds him extraordinarily futile and void, and who is moved to publish this to the world—and I think the case isn't easier when he happens to have enjoyed the other writer enormously, from far back; because there has then grown up the habit of taking some common meeting-ground between them for granted, and the falling-away of this is like the collapse of a bridge which made communication possible.

"The fine thing about the fictional form to me is," concluded the civil old man, "that it opens so many different windows of attention. . . ." Wells' characteristic reply to the great artist whom he had hurt was:

MY DEAR JAMES—You write me so kind and frank a letter after my offences that I find it an immense embarrassment to reply to you. I have set before myself a gamin-esque ideal, I have a natural horror of dignity, finish and perfection, a horror a little enhanced by theory. You may take it that my sparing and punching at you is very much due to the feeling that you were "coming over" me, and that if I was not very careful I should find myself giving way altogether to respect. There is of course a real and very fundamental difference in our innate and developed attitudes towards life and literature. To you literature like painting is an end; to me literature like architecture is a means, it has a use. Your view, was, I felt, altogether too dominant in the world of criticism, and I assailed it in tones of harsh antagonism. And writing that stuff about you was the first escape I had from the obsession of this war. *Boon* is just a waste-paper basket. Some of it was written before I left my house at Sandgate, and it was while I was turning over some old papers that I came upon it, found it expressive, and went on with it last December. I had rather be called a journalist than an artist, that is the essence of it, and there was no other antagonist possible than yourself. But since it was printed I have regretted a hundred times that I did not express our profound and incurable difference and contrast with a better grace.

This was the final response of the author of "The New Machiavelli," in which book Wells brutally burlesqued people whose salt he had eaten, to the author of "The Golden Bowl," one of the subtlest and loveliest books in the world to those who care to apply their minds to it. For those who care about the works of either writer or both of them, this compilation—which, incidentally, includes a report by the young Wells on the disastrous production of James's play, "Guy Domville"—will throw light on both, and on their work.

Two years before the break Wells wrote this:

MY DEAR JAMES—You are the soul of generosity to me. That book is *gawky*. It's legs and arms and misfitting clothes. It has spots like an ill grown young man. Its manners are sly and clumsy. It has been thrust into the world too soon. I shall now be an artist.

(The image alters here.) My art is abortion—on the shelves of my study stand, a little vain-gloriously, thirty-odd premature births. Many retain their gill slits. The most finished have still hare lips, cleft palates, open crania. These are my children! But it is when you write to me out of your secure and masterly *finish*, out of your golden globe of leisurely (yet not slow) and infinitely *easy* accomplishment, that the sense of my unworthiness and rawness is most vivid. Then, indeed, I want to embrace your feet and bedew your knees with tears—of quite unfruitful penitence.

The penitence was early, and not genuine.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 404 of this issue.



ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER HIS FIRST MEETING WITH H. G. WELLS: HENRY JAMES, c. 1900.

invited parody. Philip Guedalla distinguished three stages in James's development: those of James the First, James the Second, and James the Old Pretender. We are all vulnerable. James had been parodied enough in his lifetime by Owen Seaman and others, and is not known to have shown any resentment. But his feelings when he saw this reckless caricature by a young man, by this time much more prosperous than he, with his huge reputation and tiny circulation, were rather akin to those of Julius Caesar when he was stabbed by Brutus. James's rebuke was naturally more eloquent than that of the laconic Caesar, but just as polite. He wrote:

MY DEAR WELLS—I was given yesterday at a club your volume, "Boon," etc., from a loose leaf in which I learn that you kindly sent it to me and which yet appears to have lurked there for a considerable time undelivered. I have just been reading, to acknowledge it intelligently, a considerable number of its pages—though not all; for, to be perfectly frank, I have been in that respect beaten for the first time—or rather, for the first time but one—by a book of yours: I haven't found the current of it draw me on and on this time—as unfailingly and irresistibly before (which I have repeatedly let you know). However, I shall try again—I hate to lose any scrap of you that may make for light or pleasure; and meanwhile I have more or less mastered your appreciation of H. J., which I have found very curious and interesting, after a fashion—though it has naturally not filled me with a fond elation. It is difficult of course



IN 1901: H. G. WELLS, WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WITH HENRY JAMES LASTED FOR ABOUT SIXTEEN YEARS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Henry James and H. G. Wells," by courtesy of the Publisher, Rupert Hart-Davis.

*"Henry James and H. G. Wells. A Record of Their Friendship, Their Debate on the Art of Fiction, and Their Quarrel." Edited with an Introduction by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray. Frontispiece. (Rupert Hart-Davis: 21s. net.)



I WRITE with some diffidence about this picture, because there seem to be certain gaps in the evidence. None the less, it is a story with a happy ending, even if not all the "i's" are dotted or the "t's" crossed; one, moreover, which will, I trust, rejoice the hearts of all true-born Cockneys, of all who have ever heard of Toc H, of all who have spent their working lives in the neighbourhood of the Tower of London and of all who have taken note of the splendid rebuilding of the church of All Hallows Barking (now known as Berkynge Chirche, All Hallows by the Tower of London), which, after its destruction during the war, was rededicated in July 1957 in the presence of H.M. the Queen Mother.

In 1488 Sir Robert Tate, whose house stood on the site of what is now No. 34, Great Tower Street, was Lord Mayor of London. His uncle had been Lord Mayor before him in 1473 and his younger brother John served in that office in 1496. Sir Robert was a Coventry man, son of Thomas Tate of that city, and he married Margery, daughter of Richard Wood, Mayor of Coventry. He was a Freeman of the Mercers' Company and Merchant of the Staple at Calais. He died in 1500. In his will he directed his executors to erect a chapel on the north side of All Hallows and to provide a "table"—that is, a picture (or a carving, for alabaster carvings made for such altarpieces

were also called "tables") with the Martyrdom of St. Thomas. It would, of course, be of no little interest if the St. Thomas Martyrdom could be found. All we have, connected by long tradition with Sir Robert Tate and his wife, is the quadruple panel of the illustration, clearly the remains of an Adoration of the Virgin and Child. The two central panels originally formed the backs of the two wings; their present position would be occupied by a Virgin and Child and the wings would be hinged so that they could fold over the centre.

In addition to the provision of a chapel at All Hallows Sir Robert left instructions for a chantry in the church of St. Michael, Coventry. It may be that, after his death, it was decided to have a picture of the Adoration at All Hallows rather than a Martyrdom of St. Thomas; that would, in any case, be a far more normal subject for an altarpiece. Equally, an Adoration may have been painted for the chantry at Coventry and this picture may be what has been left of it. What is certain is that tradition has connected it with Sir Robert since the seventeenth century at least. In the top right-hand corner of the right-hand panel is a coat of arms—that of Sir Robert and his wife. This does not appear to be contemporary with the picture, but is a seventeenth-century addition; in any case, it is in the highest degree unlikely that a coat of arms would have been introduced into a religious painting of this character at the end of the fifteenth century in this

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AFTER 400 YEARS.

arbitrary fashion. Nevertheless, the fact that it is there seems to show that whoever owned the painting in the seventeenth century had excellent reasons for believing it to have had a very close association with the Lord Mayor and it is reasonable to assume that this unknown owner was himself a descendant, either direct or indirect. Once we can persuade ourselves of this, it is equally reasonable to assume that the kneeling figure in the left-hand panel is a portrait of Robert Tate himself, kneeling humbly as the donor before the Virgin and Child of the central panel; further, that the picture was ordered by him, with the possibility that it was intended either for the chantry at Coventry or for All Hallows by the Tower of London.

The surly and insensate iconoclasm of the reformers in the 1540's caused endless damage at All Hallows as elsewhere, and it may well be that

order. The two figures, one on the back of each leaf, are St. Ambrose and St. Jerome. It seems likely that they were not rearranged in their present positions until their acquisition by the Duke.

I must confess that to enter the church to-day and to stand before this painting, even though it lacks its most important part, the central panel, and is in no sense of the word one of the greater Flemish masterpieces, is a salutary experience for people like myself. We are so accustomed to judge early pictures by their quality as paintings that we are liable to forget the purpose for which they were made—that is, to communicate a message to simple men who were genuinely interested in their souls and not at all in the history of art. For all to-day's well-intentioned high-mindedness, our loving care of our own inheritance from the past, our scientific classification and arrangement

of trends and schools, our jargon of invented names, it is just as well to be reminded occasionally that such paintings were made for churches and not for museums—to be enjoyed rather than studied.

At one time, it was suggested that the National Art-Collections Fund might take a hand in its acquisition for All Hallows, but as the purpose of that beneficent institution is to present works of art to public galleries and museums, that idea was soon dropped; so the Vicar and his parishioners, having, so to



RECENTLY RETURNED TO THE CHURCH OF ALL HALLOWS BY THE TOWER OF LONDON: FOUR PANELS OF AN ALTARPIECE, ATTRIBUTED TO JAN PROVOST (1462-1529), AND THOUGHT TO HAVE COME TO THE CHURCH ORIGINALLY UNDER THE WILL OF SIR ROBERT TATE, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN 1488. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS INTERESTING WORK, WHICH IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE CHURCH, IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Oil on panel; height, 33 ins.)

the central panel was destroyed at that time. Whether that was so or no, we hear nothing of the picture as we see it to-day until 1842, when it appeared in the sale of the contents of Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole's grandiose villa at Twickenham—it would be just the sort of "Gothic curiosity" which that loquacious dilettante would enjoy adding to his heterogeneous collection. At that sale it was bought by the then Duke of Sutherland and, in course of time, was inherited by Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who later became Lady Millicent Hawes. Before the last war she gave it to the London Survey, which placed it on loan at All Hallows in 1947—exactly four centuries after its disappearance. Then last year the London Survey, anxious to raise money for one of its publications, offered it to the parish of All Hallows, which promptly—and boldly—undertook the purchase. Thanks to the generosity of Messrs. Tate and Lyle, it is now permanently in the church, a rare instance of a moving and noble work of art, even though in a mutilated condition, returning to its own place, where its donor worshipped and was buried.

As to its painter, Sir Alec Martin, who has had a great deal to do with its acquisition, suggests the name of Jan Provost (1462-1529), who was a member of the Antwerp Guild in 1493 and was working at Bruges between 1494 and 1526. The backs of the four panels are covered in black paint and there is no indication of when they were fitted together in their present



A DETAIL FROM THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL IN THE ALTARPIECE ABOVE, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY AN ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

speak, already pledged their honour in the matter, set to work pulling themselves up by their own shoe-strings. Some day, perhaps, a careful scientific examination of these panels may be undertaken; it might, or might not, reveal further information. Meanwhile, anyone who discovers the lost central panel of the "Virgin and Child" and presents it to the church will acquire merit. As it is, visitors to the Tower Hill neighbourhood now have an additional reason for entering All Hallows.

MARLOW, TOWNE, AND ROWLANDSON: FINE ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS AT SOTHEBY'S.



"CHATEAU HUY ON THE MEUSE," BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813): A SIGNED DRAWING ONCE IN THE COLLECTION OF T. C. GIRTIN. (Water-colour: 13½ by 20½ ins.)



"THE SOURCE OF THE RHINE," BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1740-1816). INSCRIBED ON THE REVERSE AND DATED, AUGUST 29, 1781. (Pen and ink with grey wash and touches of blue: 11½ by 18 ins.)



"A VIEW IN DUSSELDORF WITH THE ELECTOR'S PALACE," BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827). AN OUTSTANDING DRAWING WHICH IS SIGNED, INSCRIBED AND DATED, 1791, AND INSCRIBED ON THE REVERSE IN THE ARTIST'S HAND WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND THE PICTURE GALLERY. (Water-colour: 10½ by 16½ ins.)

THESE three eighteenth-century water-colours are among the outstanding group of sixty-six English drawings included as "The Property of a Gentleman" in the sale of "Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Drawings and Paintings" which is to be held at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, on March 19. In this group there is a series of forty water-colours by Rowlandson, and among the other artists represented are Bonington, W. H. Hunt, J. F. Lewis, John Martin and J. M. W. Turner—the last by the fine "Wood Walk at Farnley Hall" and "Llanthony Abbey, Monmouthshire." In addition to this group there are some forty other drawings—with examples by Paul Sandby, Girtin, Gainsborough and Burne-Jones. The sale ends with some seventy paintings. There are portraits by Gainsborough, Raeburn, Reynolds and Zoffany. Of especial interest is Gainsborough's portrait of Lord William Campbell (1727-78), who was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1766 until he was appointed Governor of South Carolina in 1773. Two paintings by Cornelius Kriehoff close this interesting sale.

STRIKING LANDSCAPES BY ALAN REYNOLDS: EXHIBITED AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

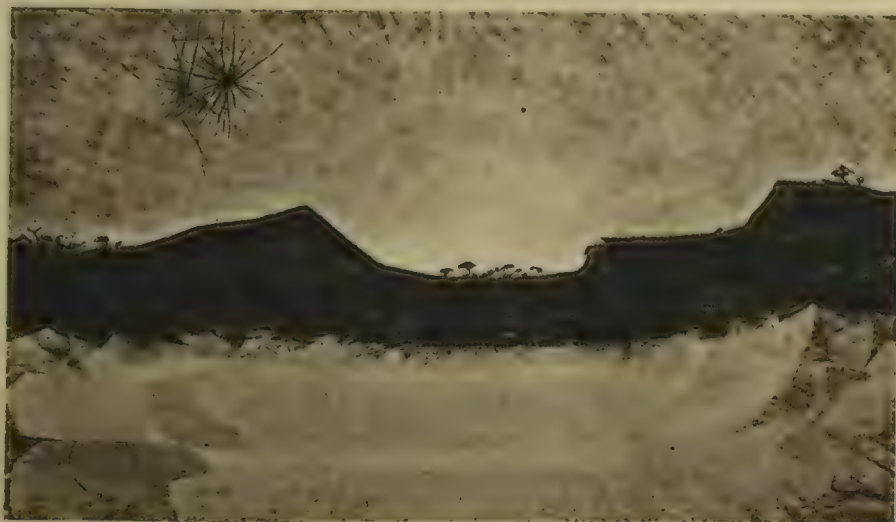
THERE are some twenty oils and forty water-colours in the Alan Reynolds exhibition, which continues at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, until March 27. Hung in the two back rooms they make an impressive display of this young artist's sincere and personal development since his last London exhibition in 1956, the central feature of which was the series of four paintings—"The Four Seasons"—reproduced in colour in our 1956 Christmas Number. This development, though in no way a radical one, has led Alan Reynolds to a simplification of form and colour in his landscapes, which retain their striking evocation of mood and season. Alan Reynolds, who was born in Suffolk in 1926, studied at the Woolwich Polytechnic School of Art and at the Royal College of Art. He now teaches at the Central School of Art. This is his fifth one-man exhibition in London, and he has also had a most successful exhibition in New York in 1954. He is widely represented in museums and galleries in this country and abroad.



"SUNRISE I" (1956): ONE OF THE SEVEN LARGE OIL PAINTINGS IN THE ALAN REYNOLDS EXHIBITION AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. (Oil on canvas board: 40 by 66½ ins.)

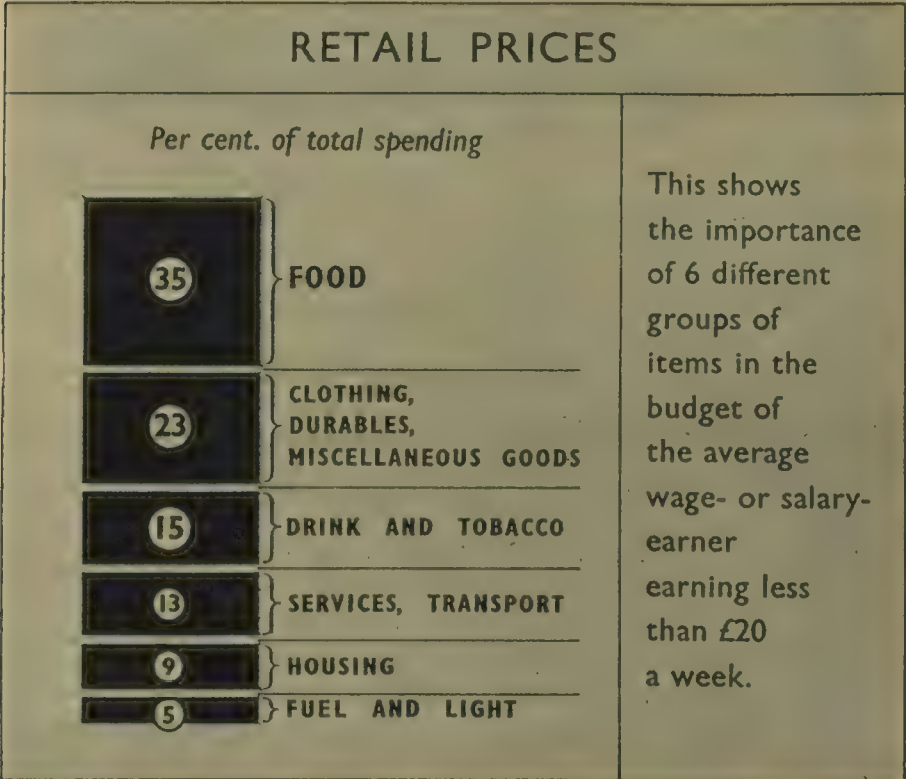


"POLYPHONIC EVENING—NOVEMBER": AN IMPRESSIVE WORK OF 1956 WITH A STRIKING RENDERING OF ATMOSPHERE. (Oil on canvas board: 48 by 70 ins.)

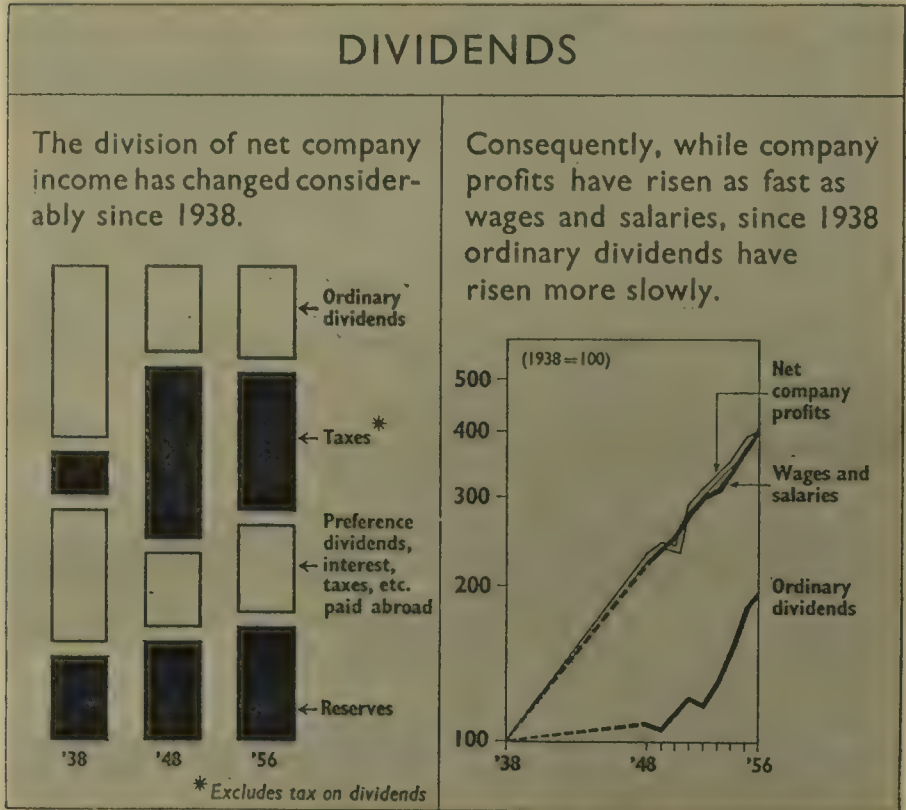


"SUNRISE II" (1956-57): A LATER PAINTING THAN THE TWO ABOVE IN WHICH ALAN REYNOLDS HAS ACHIEVED AN EFFECTIVE SIMPLIFIED EXPRESSION OF HIS LANDSCAPE VISION. (Oil on canvas board: 44 by 78 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Alan Reynolds.)

HOW WE ARE LIVING ABOVE OUR INCOME:
"THE THREE WISE MEN'S" FIRST REPORT.

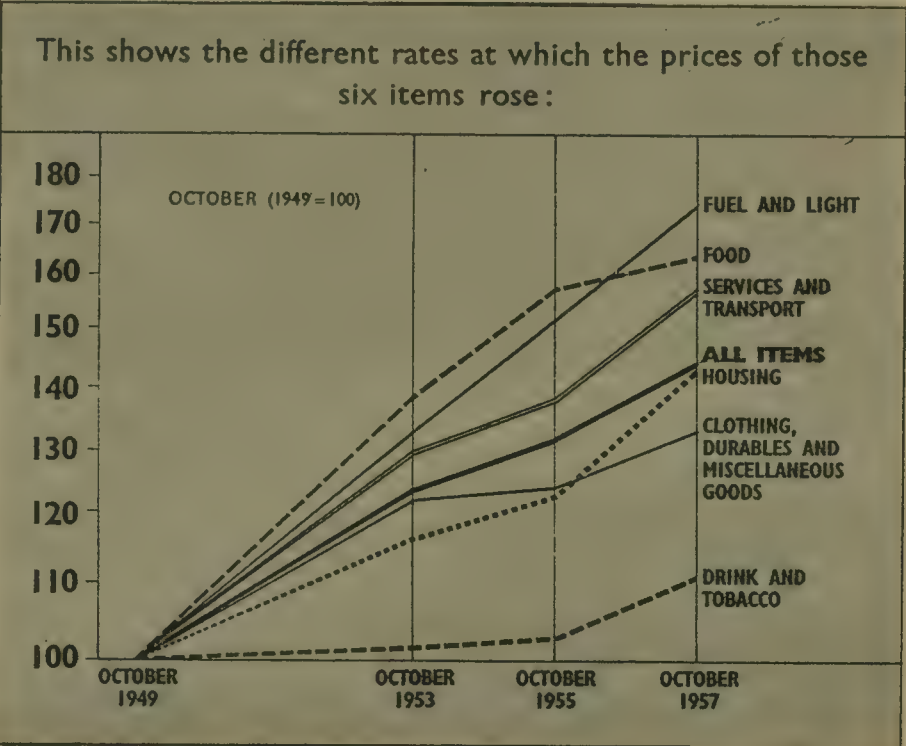
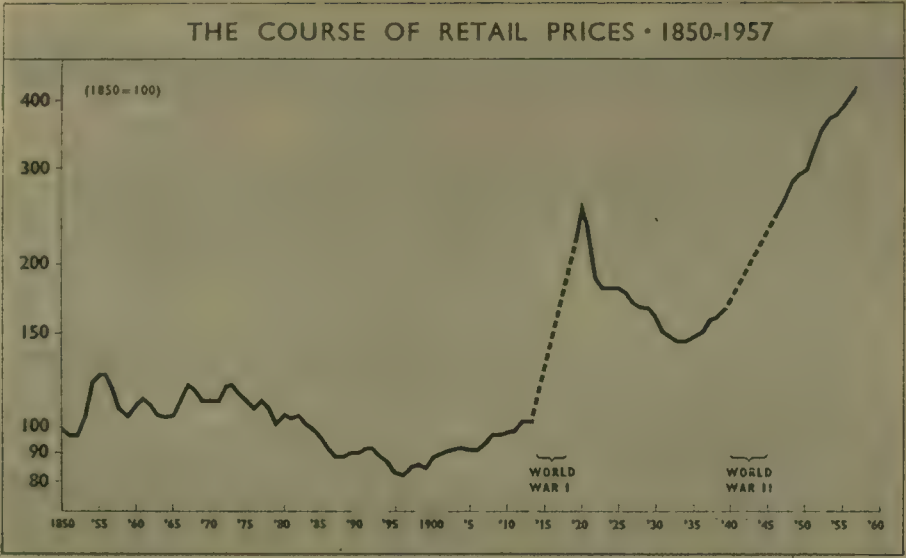


HOW AN AVERAGE WAGE—OR SALARY—EARNER SPENDS HIS MONEY: A DIAGRAM FROM THE FIRST COHEN REPORT ON PRICES, PRODUCTIVITY AND INCOMES. THIS DIAGRAM SHOULD BE STUDIED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THAT BELOW ON THE RIGHT.

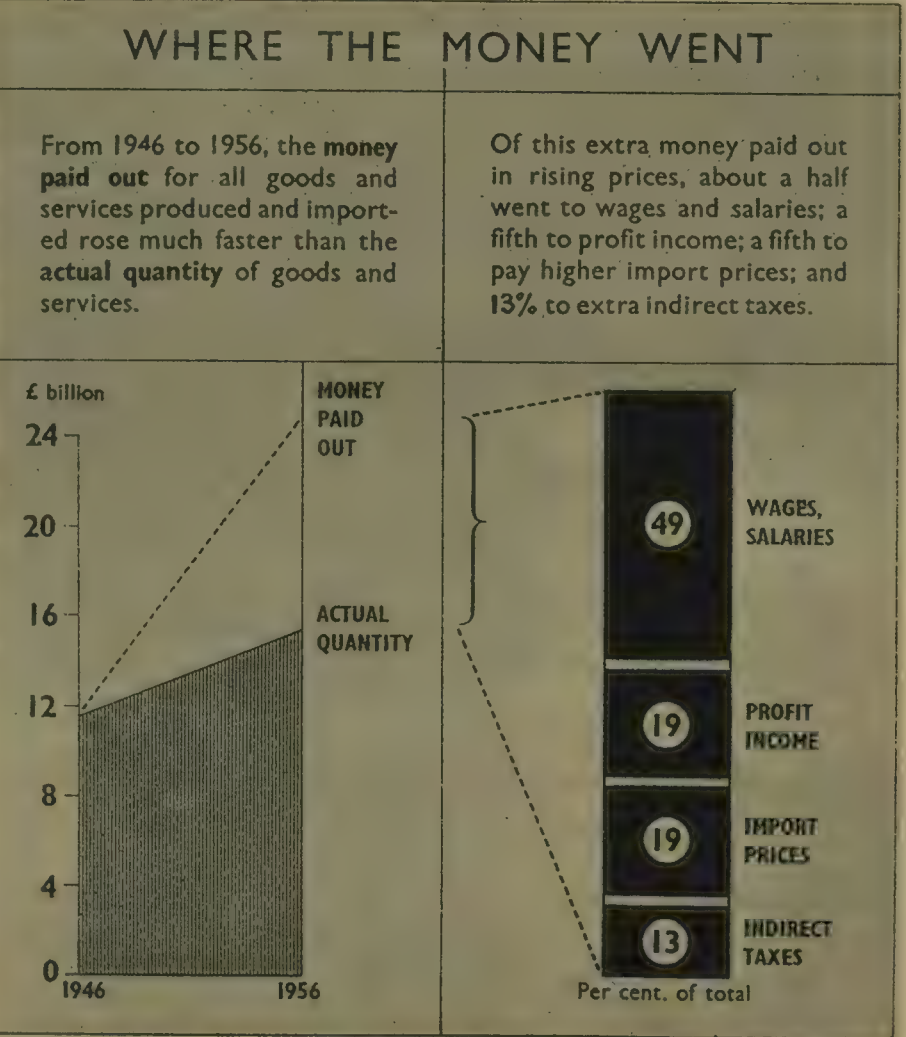


WHAT HAPPENS TO A COMPANY'S INCOME—IN 1938, 1948 AND 1956: ON THE LEFT, HOW THE INCOME WAS DISTRIBUTED; AND, ON THE RIGHT, THE RATES OF INCREASE IN WAGES, PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS OVER THE PERIOD.

THE first report of the Council of Three (Lord Cohen, Chairman; Sir Harold Howitt and Sir Dennis Robertson) on Prices, Productivity and Incomes was published on February 21 (H.M. Stationery Office; 2s.). Its purpose was "Having regard to the desirability of full employment and increasing standards of life based on expanding production and reasonable stability of prices, to keep under review changes in prices, productivity, and the level of incomes (including wages, salaries and profits) and to report thereon from time to time." The Report (which is illustrated with diagrams, some of which we reproduce by permission of the Controller, H.M.S.O.) falls into the following sections: introductory, facts and figures, causes of the rise in prices and incomes, 1946-47, how we want the value of money to behave, damping down demand, wages under controlled demand, prices and profits, and summary. Three interesting points made in the Report were: the hope that if wages increases were granted in 1958 they would be substantially below the average of the last few years; the belief that the Government's anti-inflationary measures of last September were overdue; and the suggestion that it would not be alarming if unemployment (1.8 per cent. in January 1958) were to go a little higher. The Report was promptly denounced by T.U.C. experts; and Mr. Gaitskell described it as a "political tract" with "no authority whatever." On February 26 this Trades Union attitude became official, and after the T.U.C. General Council meeting a prepared statement was issued which said: "The General Council deplore the partisan nature of the Report. . . . Such one-sided and unimaginative conclusions will certainly not be regarded by workers as being objective and constructive. The Report demonstrates that the Cohen Council can not contribute towards a generally acceptable solution of the social and economic problems of Government and industry."



THE RISE IN THE COST OF LIVING FOR THE AVERAGE MAN: WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE COST OF THE ITEMS SHOWN IN THE DIAGRAM AT THE TOP LEFT IN THE YEARS SINCE 1949, SEPARATELY AND ALSO AS A WHOLE.



HOW WE ARE LIVING ABOVE OUR INCOME: LEFT, MONEY PAID OUT COMPARED WITH GOODS AND SERVICES; AND RIGHT, HOW THIS EXTRA EXPENDITURE IS DIVIDED BETWEEN WAGES, PROFITS, IMPORT PRICES AND INDIRECT TAXES.



ONCE THE LONDON HOUSE OF THE MOST MALIGNED OF ENGLISH KINGS: CROSBY HALL, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Crosby Hall (or Crosby Place or Crosby House—all three names have been used) has had a long history with many vicissitudes. It was built in 1466 by a rich and powerful City merchant, Sir John Crosby, soon after that great patron of the City, Edward IV, came to the throne. Crosby died in 1475 and in the next decade it was tenanted by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, later Richard III; and it is to this that it owes its three references in Shakespeare. For a while it was leased (though not certainly occupied) by Sir Thomas More; but William Roper, More's son-in-law and biographer, did indeed live there. Among its many known occupants, it is interesting to note, in 1618, were two

Russian ambassadors, who were trying to raise a loan of £600,000 from the London merchants. After a period as a Presbyterian meeting house it became a warehouse toward the end of the eighteenth century, the great hall being divided into three floors. After a period of dilapidation, it was restored and from 1841 used for a literary institute for about twenty years. After a period as a wine store, it became a restaurant from 1868 to 1907. At this time it was threatened with demolition by a bank, but an appeal saved it and it was removed and re-erected in Chelsea in 1910. It is now occupied by the British Federation of University Women.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE WENSLEYDALE CASTLE WHERE RICHARD III SPENT THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF HIS LIFE: MIDDLEHAM CASTLE, ONCE THE "WINDSOR OF THE NORTH" AND NOW ITS "NEWMARKET".

To-day Middleham is a small dales village, dominated architecturally by the ruins of the huge Norman keep of Middleham Castle and socially by the great racing stables which surround it on the moors of the dale which has given its name to one of the world's finest cheeses. What fame it retains nowadays is shown in its popular name, the "Newmarket of the North"; here the

great *Dante* was trained and many another great racehorse. In the past it was another story. The huge keep dates from Norman times, and the curtain wall which surrounds it, from the thirteenth century. It was the great stronghold of the Neville family and began the greatest days of its history under Richard, Earl of Warwick, the King-Maker, whose favourite retreat it

was; and it was here that the young Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had his training in the household of the King-Maker and met his future wife, the Lady Ann. Later it became Richard's own and favourite castle in which he spent the happy years of his marriage, in which his son Edward was born (and died) and which was his residence when he was "Lord of the North"

in the last years of his brother Edward IV's life and which, indeed, served as the "Windsor" to his provincial capital, York. Here he was known, respected and loved; and indeed it has always been in Yorkshire that his good name for justice and good administration survived everything the Tudor propagandists and Shakespeare could do to stain it.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

A THOUSAND YEARS OF PREHISTORIC SARDINIA: THE NURAGHE OF BARUMINI AND ITS VILLAGE—A RECENT LARGE-SCALE EXCAVATION.

By Professor GIOVANNI LILLIU, Professor of the Antiquities of Sardinia, Cagliari University, and Director of the Barumini excavations.

(This article has been compressed from a longer article by Professor Lilliu.)

OF all the discoveries and excavations made in Sardinia of recent years, those concerning the *nuraghe* and nuraghic village of Barumini in the Cagliari province are the most important and significant, especially in their bearing on non-classical cultures in the Mediterranean.

Until its excavation, this monument (known locally as Su Nuraxi) was covered with ruins, earth and scrub and resembled a small hill. Trial excavations were made in 1940 and these were followed by the full-scale excavation of the site by the Archaeological Service of Sardinia, under my direction, during the years 1951 to 1956. The complex now stands revealed (Fig. 4), in some places to a height of over 45 ft. (15 metres); and consists of the *nuraghe* proper and a village which survived the *nuraghe's* destruction and lingered on into Roman times. It is surrounded by other, smaller *nuraghi* (Fig. 3) and was probably the centre of their defence systems, in local wars in early times and later against the Carthaginians.

The *nuraghe* consists of a truncated conical tower, built of megalithic many-sided basalt stone. It originally stood alone but was later surrounded by four smaller lower towers of the same construction and united by a curtain wall enclosing a deep courtyard (Figs. 1, 2 and 18). This nucleus is protected by an outer ring of seven towers joined with straight walls (originally 30 ft. high) and with a redoubt on the north-east side. This complex came into being in three successive phases.

In the first, the Archaic Nuraghic, the central tower was built, with three storeys with *tholos*-type roofing and spiral stairs linking them in the thickness of the wall. This tower seems to be not later than 1070 B.C. A fragment of wood from a beam in the bottom chamber, when tested for Carbon-14 in the laboratory of the National Museum at Copenhagen, gave the date 1270 B.C. with a margin of 200 years either way.

The second phase, Lower Nuraghic Primary, saw the addition of the four smaller towers linked with a curtain wall. The smaller towers (Fig. 16) are single cells with loopholes in two rows and the shortest curtain wall was pierced with an entrance at ground-level, with two guard posts and a sort of chimney for speaking through. Behind these lay the courtyard in which was a well cut out of the rock to a depth of more than 60 ft. with a further 15 ft. of drinking water. The middle and lower parts of these towers and walls were in the same megalithic style, but the upper parts were of dressed stone, perhaps to make them more difficult to scale. This phase dates from the end of the ninth to the middle of the eighth century B.C.

The third phase, Upper Nuraghic Primary, is marked by the reinforcing of the four linked towers and of the walls. The principal object of this was the repair of damage caused by earth subsidence;

The outer wall was built during this phase; and also the watchtower on the central *nuraghe*, from which the chieftain called down his commands through large conch shells—some of which

space, as in other nuraghic villages (Fig. 17). They are round, built of stone blocks for the lower part, and presumably roofed with logs and branches weighted down with stones, like the huts of the shepherds of to-day. Among the buildings of this period one stands out for its greater size and superior workmanship (Fig. 5). It is circular and has a seat all round the base of the wall, shelves above and with a large niche to hold objects. The presence of objects of undoubted religious significance, a *betyl* (or sacred stone) representing a *nuraghe*, and a stone basin, and the care taken to site the building under the protection of a redoubt of the outer wall suggest that this was a public building, almost certainly the



FIG. 1. THE NURAGHE OF BARUMINI AND THE VILLAGE AROUND IT; WITH, IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, A SUGAR-LOAF HILL SURMOUNTED BY THE MÆDIEVAL CASTLE OF MARMILLA.

Before the excavation of the *nuraghe*, there was a local legend that an underground passage connected the *nuraghe* and hill-top castle. The two strongholds are, however, not only separated by a considerable distance in space, but also by 2000 years in time.

we found during excavation. During this period, which lasted from the mid-eighth century to the end of the sixth when the fort was dismantled after a long siege by the Carthaginians, Barumini must have had a strength of between 200 and 300 men.

The village developed around the *nuraghe* and housed the troops, while the chief lived in the *nuraghe* itself, in which the troops would concentrate in time of danger. After the destruction of the fort the village survived in a state of decadence until about the time of Augustus.

During the Archaic Nuraghic, there is no trace of dwellings, or rather, no trace has been found.

Of the Lower Nuraghic Primary, there remain a few oval or rectangular buildings, of small stones in clay mortar, whose plan recalls Bronze Age dwellings in, for example, Sicily and Cyprus. One rectangular dwelling has a pavement with a number of small pits cut in the rock

(Fig. 8) and containing votive remains, as, for example, pottery vases containing ash, cinders and the remains of birds and rodents—possibly foundation deposits.

Of the Upper Nuraghic Primary, there are some sixty huts around the *nuraghe*. For the most part these are in groups about a circular open



FIG. 3. LOOKING DOWN ON THE NURAGHE OF BARUMINI FROM THE SLOPES OF THE GIARA, A ROCKY PLATEAU TO THE NORTH. ON THE HILLS AROUND THE PLAIN ARE OTHER NURAGHI, ASSOCIATED WITH THE BARUMINI STRONGHOLD.



FIG. 2. THE NURAGHE OF BARUMINI, IN SOUTHERN CENTRAL SARDINIA, FROM THE NORTH: A VIEW WHICH SHOWS THE ORIGINAL CENTRAL TOWER, THREE OF THE FOUR ADDED TOWERS AND, NEAREST THE CAMERA, THE OUTER WALL AND TOWERS.

but it may also have been designed to make the walls less vulnerable to battering-rams, which had been used by this time by the Carthaginians. The ground-level entrance was blocked up and an entrance, some 21 ft. above ground (Fig. 19), and only accessible by ladders, replaced it; and the loophole system of defence gave way to machicolation.

council chamber, where the chief and elders formally deliberated. This building and others have yielded numerous domestic artifacts in stone, terracotta, bronze, iron, lead and amber. Ovens, mill-stones, pestles and bronze votive statuettes throw light on the civilian life of the time—which was the most [Continued opposite.]

LIKE A MEDIAEVAL WALLED CITY: A 3000-YEAR-OLD NURAGHE AND VILLAGE.



FIG. 4. THE NURAGHE AND VILLAGE OF BARUMINI SEEN FROM THE AIR AND THE EAST: A VIEW WHICH CLEARLY SHOWS THE CENTRAL TOWER AND THE SYSTEM OF THE LATER ADDITIONS OF TOWERS AND CURTAIN WALLS. UNTIL 1951 THE ENTIRE SITE WAS COVERED WITH SOIL AND CARRIED CROPS AND GRAZING FOR CATTLE.



FIG. 5. LOOKING EAST-NORTH-EAST OVER THE NURAGHIC VILLAGE FROM THE TOP OF THE NURAGHE. ON THE LEFT IS THE BOLD RING OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.



FIG. 6. THE EASTERN PART OF THE VILLAGE, TRAVERSED BY THE TORTUOUS LANE WHICH WAS THE MAIN STREET OF THE VILLAGE AFTER THE 6TH CENTURY B.C.

Continued. evolved and flourishing period of the nuraghic civilisation, the so-called full or middle nuraghic. Pottery and bronze objects, particularly brooches, provide evidence of contact with the Phoenician-Carthaginian and the Italian mainland (North Etruscan) civilisations. The village's fourth phase is shown in some twenty houses (Figs. 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 15), built outside the ruined stronghold by survivors of the Carthaginian massacres of the end of the sixth century B.C. who returned to Barumini in the beginning of the next century. The buildings

are made of medium and small stones bound with clay, circular, and with fan-shaped divisions round a central circular space, which sometimes has a well. There is a single entrance and the fan-shaped divisions each had distinct uses (Fig. 14), such as waiting-rooms, living-rooms, sleeping-rooms, kitchens with ground-level fireplaces (Figs. 7 and 9) and bread-making rooms, with stone basins for the dough. These huts are separated by labyrinthine passages (Fig. 6). The objects, bronze, iron, vitreous paste and especially terracotta, and

[Continued overleaf.]

LIFE IN A SARDINIAN VILLAGE, REVEALED IN EXCAVATIONS AT BARUMINI.



FIG. 7. DWELLING NO. 20 IN THE FOURTH-PHASE VILLAGE (FIFTH-FOURTH CENTURY B.C.) WITH A GROUND-LEVEL OVEN OF A TYPE STILL USED BY SARDINIAN MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE PITS CONTAINING VOTIVE OFFERINGS IN THE EARLIEST NURAGHIC VILLAGE. ON THE RIGHT, A BLOCK SHOWING THE STRATIFICATION PLAN.



FIG. 9. DWELLING NO. 51 IN THE NORTH-EAST SECTOR OF THE FOURTH-PHASE VILLAGE, WITH A WELL-PRESERVED GROUND-LEVEL OVEN, COMPLETE WITH ROOF.



FIG. 10. STONE BOOT-TREES, FOUND IN THE FOURTH-PHASE VILLAGE. THESE IMPLY THE EXISTENCE OF SPECIALISED CRAFTS IN THIS STAGE OF THE VILLAGE'S LATER HISTORY.



FIG. 11. A SMALL CIRCULAR ROOM IN THE FOURTH-PHASE VILLAGE WITH SEATING ROUND A STONE BOWL FOR KNEADING DOUGH.



FIG. 12. FOUND IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE EXCAVATIONS: LARGE AND MEDIUM-SIZED STONE BALLS, THROWN FROM THE MACHICOLATED TOWERS, EIGHTH-SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 13. OIL-MAKING IN FOURTH-PHASE VILLAGE: A GRINDING STONE FOR LENTISCUS, WITH SEATING AROUND IT; AND BEHIND, A TWO-COMPARTMENT STORAGE-VAT.



FIG. 14. A THIRD-PHASE DWELLING LATER ADAPTED WITH THREE DIVISIONS: (L. TO R.) AN OVEN, A SITTING-PLACE AND A STONE BOWL FOR BREAD-MAKING.



FIG. 15. A FOURTH-PHASE DWELLING, ADAPTED FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE OUTER WALL, SHOWING NICHEs IN THE WALL FOR UTENSILS AND, BELOW, A FIREPLACE.

Continued.]

the cultural remains generally point to a way of life which is traditional but impoverished and decadent. There is, however, evidence of specialisation in the separate sections given over to oil-making (probably from lentiscus) (Fig. 13), bread-making (Figs. 11 and 14) and the manufacture of stone utensils, all of which point to the development of a modest agricultural craftsmanship. The final phase of the village (Phœnician-Roman, third to first century B.C.), although of less interest, is worthy of some attention. The old buildings are

occupied, new ones are built sometimes in the traditional form, but sometimes modified. Among the objects are many imports, terracottas of purified clay, pottery with a black glaze (Etruscan-Campanian), small bronze bells (Phœnician type), and Carthaginian and Republican Roman coins. This cultural hybridism may be the result not just of commerce but of racial inter-marriage. We have found the tombs of this last village. Of the previous villages' burials there are few but significant traces. Such are a *betye* and a

[Continued opposite, centre.]

BARUMINI—A PREHISTORIC SARDINIAN FORT, AND ITS CLUSTERED VILLAGE.



FIG. 16. IN THE CENTRE, THE CIRCULAR NORTH-EAST TOWER OF THE EARLIEST OUTER DEFENCE (SECOND-PHASE, END OF NINTH-MID-EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.). IN THE BACKGROUND, DWELLINGS FROM THE MID-EIGHTH TO THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.

Continued.
stele with a curved top which may have belonged to a megalithic tomb (in Sardinia, "Giants' Tomb") in which the dead of the *nuraghe's* inhabitants and the villagers of the third-phase village would be buried in a common tomb, without distinction. The discovery of this Barumini complex provides much clear evidence for the student of the secular development of the nuraghic civilisation and helps him to fix both the dates and the cultural developments
(Continued below, right.)



FIG. 17. IN THE FOREGROUND A CIRCULAR DWELLING OF THE THIRD-PHASE VILLAGE ; WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, LEFT, THE NURACHE PROPER, THE EAST AND NORTH TOWERS ADJOINING IT AND THE LINKED DEFENCE WALLS.



FIG. 18. IN THE FOREGROUND, BUILDINGS OF THE VILLAGE WHICH GREW UP AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORTRESS ; BEHIND, THE SOUTH AND EAST FLANKING TOWERS WITH THE CURTAIN WALL WHICH JOINED THEM TOGETHER.



FIG. 19. RIGHT FOREGROUND, ENTRANCE TO A VILLAGE HOUSE OF THE FOURTH PHASE IN THE BACKGROUND, THE FORTRESS ENTRANCE WHICH WAS RAISED TO THIS POSITION, 21 FT. ABOVE GROUND, DURING THE THIRD PHASE.

Continued.
during its extent of about a thousand years. Furthermore it provides an archæological framework for events of which written history has given only vague hints. The stratigraphic findings at Su Nuraxi (the local name for the Barumini complex) are of especial interest, being lateral in the case of the *nuraghe* and vertical in the village; and they have provided definite and fixed horizons on which to base further research in more remote Sardinian antiquities. And to Mediterranean pre-history this new revelation of a people remote indeed in time but so close and familiar to us in spirit brings new evidence of a dynamic creative spirit, revealed in cultural achievement and historical activity.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



I HAVE, on a previous occasion, referred on this page to the caravanning of shrews. Further studies have now been made on this, and since, through the courtesy of Dr. Hanna-Maria Zippelius, photographs are now available, it seems worth while returning to the subject. Caravanning is a form of behaviour for the protection of the young. It serves to conduct several or all of the young of a litter to safety when danger threatens. In it, one of the young takes firm hold of the mother's fur to one side of the root of the tail. The next youngster does the same to the first youngster, and so on until the whole litter is united in a chain behind the mother, after which they all move off, in step, the mother accommodating her pace to that of the youngsters. So firm is their hold that if the mother is picked up, the whole caravan will hang suspended in mid-air.

No mention has been made of this behaviour in the English literature, except for the one occasion when I described it, after reading about it in a German scientific journal. Indeed, there were only four records of it, all in German, but now there is a fifth, which is contained in a letter I received from Italy, from a layman. Caravanning of young shrews was, therefore, to all intents unknown until a decade ago. It has been reliably recorded on a few occasions only. But it has been set beyond doubt by photograph and film, as well as the written narrative.

This does not mean that caravanning is a rare and sporadic trick by a few unusual shrews. The latest accounts of it, given by Dr. Zippelius, in the *Bonner Zoologische Beiträge*, for 1957, and *Kosmos* for January, 1958, show that it is a firmly-rooted piece of instinctive behaviour. For example, it does not show itself until the shrews are seven days old. Until then, in the unlikely event of their wandering from the nest, the mother retrieves them in the usual way, by picking up each one in turn in her mouth and carrying it back to the nest. As a rule, they do not wander from the nest at less than seven days of age, and the retrieving by the mother is seen only when the nest itself is disturbed and she removes her litter to a new hide-out.



THE NEXT STAGE IN RETRIEVING THE YOUNG SHREW: THE MOTHER SEIZING IT BY THE SCRUFF OF ITS NECK.

After the seventh day, the mother's deportment changes radically. If the need arises, the youngster calls in a high-pitched squeak, more like a shrill whisper to our ears. Hearing this, the mother runs past the youngster and squats in front of it, her rump towards it. Should the youngster not react at once, the mother will nudge it with her snout, and, if this is not sufficient, she may worry it by seizing it by the flank or the snout, or any other part of its body. As a result, the young shrew whispers even more loudly and tries to seize the mother's fur. If it fails in this, it stays still, "whispering" loudly, while the mother, with head in the air, searching with her snout, moves around manoeuvring for position, but always coming back to the same spot. Should she feel her youngster grip her fur, she will start to move off. If in doing this she causes the youngster to lose its grip, she will, after having gone a few steps, return to the same spot, call to

SHREWS' CARAVANNING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

her offspring, and give it a further opportunity to take hold.

It does quite often happen, when the youngster is only seven days old, that it will fail to hold on properly even after repeated trying by the mother to induce it to do so. It may, on the other hand, take hold, for a few steps, and then let go. Then, the mother will pick it up in her mouth, run a few steps, put her baby down, and renew her attempts to persuade it to "caravan." Once it has done



DEALING WITH ONE OF HER OFFSPRING WHICH HAS WANDERED AWAY FROM THE NEST: THE MOTHER SHREW CATCHING THE YOUNGSTER.
Photographs by Dr. Hanna-Maria Zippelius.

this successfully, however, it seems to have learned what is intended and will readily respond on future occasions. At twelve days of age, the whole litter will be so far advanced in the art of caravanning that they will wait for the mother, stretch out their snouts to her while she is still an inch or two away, readily catch on as soon as the correct moment has arrived, and run along with her.

Although the mother shrew shows so much care and skill in teaching her young ones to caravan, there are times

when she may run too fast for them and the caravan breaks up as a consequence. Now I would like to quote my translation of Dr. Zippelius' own words: "...the first animal runs on but hesitantly, the others press on and a chaotic heap is formed. In rare instances a circle is formed, which instantly re-forms into a caravan when the female returns to it." A usual litter for this particular kind of shrew is six, and in caravanning they may hold on to form a single file,

or they may engage in pairs or even in threes.

The shrews that have been seen to form caravans do not occur in Britain, but they are plentiful on the Continent. They are the musk shrew and the common white-toothed shrews (belonging to the genus *Crocidura*). Caravanning has never been seen in our native shrews, the common and the pygmy shrews (of the genus *Sorex*). Dr. Peter Crowcroft, who has made a special study of *Sorex*, has never seen it, although he has handled a number of nests complete with litters. This does not mean it never occurs in *Sorex*, rather that it may be more rare in that genus than in *Crocidura*. This is pure speculation on my part, and I am constrained to make the remark by the fact that hedgehogs, close relatives of the shrews, use something very like a caravan. The normal method of transporting young hedgehogs is for the mother to carry each baby in turn

in her mouth. As they increase in size she leads them out on foraging expeditions, and then the youngsters follow her in single file, nose to tail. It is, in effect, caravanning without holding on.

Shrews and hedgehogs are among the most primitive of the mammals and their skeletons are very like those of the earliest fossil remains of mammals. If caravanning was a piece of behaviour characteristic of the earliest mammals, as it may very well have been, and if it has persisted in some shrews and hedgehogs, we should expect to see some relics of it in the higher mammals. There may be more such relics than we at present know. It has, for instance, become known only within recent years that a form of caravanning is used by the long-tailed field-mouse. The mother, at moments of alarm, will jump away with two youngsters hanging on to her teats. Sometimes the leaps are extensive but the young ones take no harm. Here we find a similar behaviour to that of the *Crocidura*, namely, that the event is not accidental, since the mother will induce the young ones to take hold, and will run to her youngsters and place herself in the correct position for them to do so.

The same method of transporting the young to safety is found also in a North American mouse related to our long-tailed field-mouse. Another mouse (genus *Otomys*) of Africa behaves similarly. It may be that other kinds of mice will eventually be found to have other modifications of caravanning. Meanwhile, we can go further afield. For example, it is not generally known that young otters will grip the fur of the mother's tail as she swims through water. A baby elephant is made to follow its mother, and, with variations, the same is true for the young hippopotamus. These actions are merely straws in the wind, perhaps rather broken straws, but it is by no means impossible that we are on the edge here of a wide field awaiting further investigation. Speculating still further, we can recall the stories of adult stoats



BACK TO THE SAFETY OF THE NEST: THE MOTHER SHREW CARRYING IN HER MOUTH THE YOUNGSTER WHICH HAD WANDERED OFF.

proceeding in columns of twos across the country, and of squirrels following each other in single file. Incidentally, there is a single observation of a hundred shrews, in Britain, following in a line, each carrying a twig in its mouth. Did the eye-witness of this event really see a hundred shrews, and were they carrying a twig each, or was each shrew holding the one in front by the root of the tail, and were the "twigs" tails? The story has been generally discredited, even ridiculed, but it may be, in fact, an important observation.

It is feasible that some of the rare tricks of behaviour by a group of animals belonging to one species, or of individuals of a single species, may be mainly the emergence of infantile behaviour, perhaps somewhat modified, but carried out with the vigour of an adult. It is a line of thought that should not be lightly put aside.

TRANSPORTING THE
FAMILY IN A SINGLE
MANŒUVRE: THE
REMARKABLE CARAVAN-
FORMATION USED BY
SHREWS TO MOVE A
COMPLETE LITTER TO
A PLACE OF SAFETY.

(Right.) LEADING HER FAMILY TO A NEW
HIDING-PLACE: THE MOTHER TAKING THE
YOUNGSTERS OF HER LITTER IN A CARAVAN-
FORMATION TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.



ENCOURAGING OR INDUCING ONE OF ITS YOUNG TO FORM A CARAVAN: THE
MOTHER SHREW SEIZING A YOUNG SHREW BY ITS SNOUT.



AFTER THE YOUNG SHREW REALISED WHAT IT MUST DO: THE YOUNGSTER
GRIPPING ITS MOTHER'S FUR AND STARTING TO RUN IN CARAVAN-FORMATION.



UNITED IN A CHAIN BEHIND THEIR MOTHER: THE CARAVAN IS LED OVER LARGE AND SMALL OBSTACLES AT A PACE SUITED TO THAT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

All animals that tend their young inherit an ability to do the right thing when danger threatens. At the first alarm, instantly and without hesitation, the mother will carry out a series of actions that put her offspring into a position of greater safety. These innate mechanisms are always a source of some astonishment to us, but the most remarkable must surely be the so-called caravan-formation used by certain species of shrews found in Europe, but not in Britain. Exactly how this is done remains obscure, but the effect can be seen in the way the mother places herself in position while the young ones, as if they understood what was required of them, form up

behind her. The first seizes the fur at the base of the mother's tail in its teeth, and each of the remaining members of the litter does the same to the one in front, and the whole family moves off in orderly formation. The usual method of transporting the young is that known as retrieving, when the mother picks up one of her youngsters by the scruff or some other part of the body. Caravanning has the obvious advantage that the whole family can be transported in a single manoeuvre, as can be seen in the photographs on this page. On the facing page Dr. Burton discusses this little-recorded behaviour which has now "been set beyond doubt."

Photographs by Dr. Hanna-Maria Zippelius.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A CORRESPONDENT has asked me to write about gardening for the lazy. But perhaps the word "lazy" is a little crude. Let us rather say, well-

stricken in years. There is an old saying that the man with too much garden must become either a slave or a sloven. That, however, like so many sayings and proverbs, is nonsense. To the man who finds himself saddled with a largish garden, and no interest whatever in fruit, flowers or vegetables, I would suggest that he might put the whole of this ground down to nice, smooth concrete and take up roller skating. Capital exercise. And it will mean less seeding weeds to plague his garden-minded neighbours.



FOR THE GARDENER WHO IS LOTH TO STOOP—THOUGH A RATHER TALLER PEDESTAL WOULD BE AN ADVANTAGE: A SINK GARDEN, CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER DELIGHTS, LEWISIA, COTYLEDON AND PENSTEMON.

But the man who has a garden rather larger than his time and energy can keep in a state of good cultivation, or who can not afford to employ the necessary labour to keep things in proper order, may well fancy that he is in a bit of a fix. Yet a general all-over remedy is not difficult to arrive at. What I would advise in such a case, is that the garden owner should estimate approximately how much of his ground he can conveniently—and without becoming the proverbial slave—keep in good trim with the time and labour at his disposal. At the same time he must decide which part of the ground he will cultivate. In all probability it will mostly be ground nearest to and around the house.

Having decided that most important matter, there will arise the problem of what to do with the rest of the garden, which is not to be cultivated in the ordinary way. In almost every case I would suggest that the best way of dealing with this surplus ground will be to put it down to grass orchard. Sow grass seed, choosing some good lawn type rather than a meadow mixture. As to the fruit trees, I personally would plant a selection of apples, pears and plums mostly of well-known varieties, plus any special personal favourites, and in almost every case I would have bush trees rather than standards. It is so much easier to prune one's fruit trees standing comfortably upon the ground than from steps or a ladder. And the same applies to harvesting the fruit. There is an ancient standard "Annie Elizabeth" apple tree in my garden which is so big that it has got beyond the ladder technique for gathering. The only effective way would be to shin up and leap from branch to branch, and, alas, I am too long past the urchin stage for that. So in a good apple year I gather what I conveniently can, standing upon the ground, and that is usually ample for our household needs.

The grass in the grass-and-bush-tree orchard which I am suggesting can be scythed once, or perhaps twice,

FOR LAZY GARDENERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a year, and each tree should stand in a circular bed of grass-free soil 3 or 4 ft. across, for the first five or six years at least. Turf growing right up to the stems of young fruit trees is bad. It stunts their growth. Such a grass orchard is an ideal place for naturalising bulbs, daffodils, bluebells, the hardy *Gladiolus byzantinus*, Spanish iris, and many others. In the background of the fruit orchard—if there is room—there might be a planting of ornamental flowering trees—crabs, cherries, laburnums, lilacs, and so on, and a few for autumn colour such as the flaming maple (*Acer griseum*) and the scarlet American oak. All these also might be in rough grass, with small surrounds of clear soil. The upkeep of all this ground will be relatively simple. Far less than cultivated ground under vegetables, or rose- or flower-beds.

Near the house there must be a certain amount of lawn, otherwise it would not be an English garden. But a lawn means regular mowing. I'm sorry. The lazy gardener must get round that snag as best he can, in one way or another. But let me suggest that the mowing will be greatly simplified if there are no fussy beds set in the sward, round which the mower would be forced to go a-dodging. But let me add, lawn mowings make grand compost. Whilst on the subject of lawn and turf, a thing to avoid in the interests of economy of labour is the popular plan of having grass edgings to the beds. They look nice, but are the devil to mow.

The question of vegetables or no vegetables is an important one. If there are to be vegetables, then, in deference to laziness, let it be confined to the sorts which are so much better home-grown than bought. Personally, I like to grow a few early potatoes, especially "Sharpe's Express," which is so excellent for flavour. Main-crop potatoes are just about as good when bought. Green peas, yes, most certainly, and the dwarf 2-ft.-high varieties are economical. My own favourite is "Duplex." Fat, and green, and well-flavoured. Where can one buy such fat,

tender, well-flavoured peas? Too often bought peas are sallow, over-ripe, and tend to bounce off one's plate and roll across the floor.

Scarlet runner beans, again yes, and on no account should too many be sown and grown. The usual practice is to sow the whole packet, making a row right across the kitchen garden, regardless of how many folk there are in the family, with the result that the poor wretches are condemned to battle all the summer through with over-grown over-ripe pods, reinforced with a network of coarse and hateful stringy fibre. A better way is to grow two or three clumps of scarlet runners. For a clump, plant a group of four or five



RECOMMENDED FOR "THE MAN WHO HAS A GARDEN RATHER LARGER THAN HIS TIME AND ENERGY CAN KEEP IN A GOOD STATE OF CULTIVATION": FRUIT AND FLOWERING TREES IN ROUGH GRASS.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

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bean poles, tied together at the top to form a pyramid, and then put five or six runners to each pyramid. These will give all the beans any normal family is likely to require, and this arrangement is far better suited to lazy gardening than a whole row across the garden.

As to the flower garden, all depends upon the lazy gardener's special fancy. Roses, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, herbaceous borders? In this matter I will not attempt to suggest, except to say that a well-built and well-planted rock garden entails far less labour than any other type of garden. No heavy digging, no lush manuring, and no weed need be left to become larger than could be dealt with with a pocket-knife or a widger. But better even than this—a rock garden in an old stone sink or trough entails even less labour, and, oh, joy for those well-stricken in years, no stooping.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



ON HIS WAY TO THE PALACE: DR. LAFONTANT JEAN, THE NEW AMBASSADOR OF HAITI.
Dr. Lafontant Jean, the new Ambassador of Haiti, presented his credentials at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 26. He was accompanied by Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury Jones, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps. His Excellency was also accompanied by Mlle. J. Kebreau, Second Secretary, who was presented to the Queen.



RESIGNING BECAUSE OF THE PROPOSED OPERA MERGER: (L. TO R.) MR. A. GIBSON, MR. NORMAN TUCKER AND MR. S. ARLEN.
On February 28 the proposal that the Sadler's Wells Opera Company should be amalgamated with the Carl Rosa Opera Company was announced. Immediately afterwards three of the Sadler's Wells executives—Mr. Tucker, Director, Mr. Arlen, General Manager, and Mr. Gibson, Musical Director, announced their intention of resigning.



AT DEVONPORT: ADMIRAL SIR M. PIZEY (L.) HANDS OVER TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR R. ONSLOW AS C.-IN-C., PLYMOUTH.
On February 25 Admiral Sir Mark Pizey handed over to his successor, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, as Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, in a ceremony at Devonport. Sir Richard has been Flag Officer Commanding the Reserve Fleet since 1956, and is believed to be the only serving naval officer with a D.S.O. and three Bars.



(Left.) LIBERAL CANDIDATE AT TORRINGTON: MR. M. BONHAM CARTER.
There will be a three-cornered fight in the by-election at Torrington, Devon, caused by the succession to a peerage of the National Liberal and Conservative Member, Mr. George Lambert. Mr. Mark Bonham Carter, son of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, has accepted the invitation to stand as the Liberal candidate.

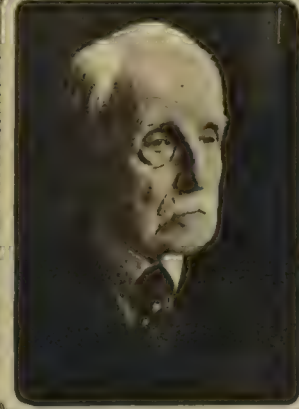


AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE: MR. T. S. ELIOT SPEAKING AT ROME UNIVERSITY ON FEBRUARY 26.
On February 26 Mr. T. S. Eliot received an honorary degree from the University of Rome. In a tribute, the Rector of the University said: "If by poetry we mean the travail, the suffering of a man expressed in a universal language, Eliot with his own personality has stamped his name on the literature of the past fifty years..."

(Right.) A NEW WORLD CRICKET RECORD: GARFIELD SOBERS.
In the third Test between West Indies and Pakistan at Kingston, Jamaica, Garfield Sobers, the 21-year-old left-handed West Indian batsman, scored 365 not out, thus beating Sir Leonard Hutton's Test record of 364, made in 1938, when he was 22. It was the first time he had scored more than 100 in a Test match.



(Right.) A 100TH BIRTHDAY: MRS. M. DANIELSSON.
Mrs. M. Danielsson, who was born in Sweden and has lived in London for over 70 years, celebrated her 100th birthday on March 2. She was trained as a lithographer, and has made illustrations for medical books and fashion journals, and even now provides gay posters for an annual Christmas bazaar. She lives in a home at Hampstead.



(Left.) AN EMINENT ENGINEER REACHES 100: SIR JAMES SWINBURNE.
Sir James Swinburne, F.R.S., who until 1948 was Chairman of Bakelite Ltd., and who is now the Company's Honorary President, celebrated his 100th birthday on Feb. 28. He was one of the world's pioneers in synthetic resins, and is regarded as the founder and pioneer of the modern British plastics industry.



CHARLES RIDGE.



SAMUEL BELLSON.



DET.-INSPECTOR HAMMERSLEY.



DET.-SERGEANT HEATH.

THREE PRISON SENTENCES AND AN ACQUITTAL: PERSONALITIES IN THE BRIGHTON CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

Two Brighton C.I.D. officers, Detective-Inspector John Richard Hammersley and Detective-Sergeant Trevor Ernest Heath, and Samuel Bellson, a bookmaker, were found guilty of conspiring to obstruct the course of public justice at the Central Criminal Court on February 27. Charles Ridge, the suspended Chief Constable of Brighton, and Anthony Lyons, a licensee, were acquitted and released on bail. Det.-Inspector Hammersley and Det.-Sergeant Heath

were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and Samuel Bellson to three years' imprisonment. On March 2 it was announced that an application for his reinstatement as Chief Constable of Brighton had been received from Charles Ridge. The application was to be considered by the Watch Committee as soon as the matter ceased to be *sub judice*. The trial, at which there was a jury of ten men and two women, lasted nineteen days.

ROCKETS, HELICOPTERS AND AN AIR AGREEMENT: AVIATION NEWS FROM AMERICA, BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.



A PIGGY-BACK RIDE FOR A RAMJET ROCKET: AN AMERICAN NAVAHO MISSILE (RAMJET-POWERED) LAUNCHED ON A BOOSTER ROCKET AT CAPE CANAVERAL. AT A PREDETERMINED HEIGHT, THE ROCKET AND THE NAVAHO SEPARATE.



INSIDE THE TAIL SECTION OF A REDSTONE, THE U.S. ARMY'S LARGEST BALLISTIC MISSILE: IT IS IN THIS SECTION THAT THE MISSILE'S MOTOR IS FIXED.

The Redstone, which is produced at the Chrysler Missile Plant at Detroit, is the U.S. Army's largest ballistic missile; and test flights of it have been conducted at Cape Canaveral, in Florida. A modified Redstone formed the first stage of the Jupiter rocket, which put the U.S. satellite into orbit. In the right-hand photograph can be seen the lugs which guide the second stage, when the Redstone is fitted as a Jupiter.



A REDSTONE RISES INTO THE AIR FROM THE LAUNCHING PAD AT CAPE CANAVERAL. THIS MISSILE FORMED THE FIRST STAGE OF THE SATELLITE-LAUNCHING JUPITER.



A FLYING TESTBED FOR THE U.S. ARMY: THIS STRANGE AIRCRAFT, BUILT BY THE DOAK AIRCRAFT CO., CALIFORNIA, CAN RISE AND LAND LIKE A HELICOPTER AND FLY CONVENTIONALLY. THE WING-TIP DUCTED PROPELLERS ARE HERE IN THE CONVENTIONAL FLIGHT POSITION.



HELICOPTER LIFTS HELICOPTER—AT A U.S. MARINE CORPS DEMONSTRATION IN NORTH CAROLINA. THE LARGE AIRCRAFT IS A SIKORSKY S-56 TRANSPORT, WHILE THE SMALLER IS A SIKORSKY S-58, A GENERAL-PURPOSE TYPE CAPABLE OF CARRYING TWELVE PASSENGERS.



COLONEL ZINK, THE COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN STRATEGIC MISSILES SQUADRON WHICH IS TO COME TO GREAT BRITAIN, SHOWING A MODEL OF A MISSILE LAUNCHING SITE. Colonel Zink will be responsible for training the R.A.F. units who are to man the U.S. Thor rocket bases in East Anglia, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; and here shows a model of the type of base. The Thor shown will normally be housed in the hangar on the right.



SIGNING THE AGREEMENT FOR A DIRECT AIR-SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND MOSCOW: (LEFT) MARSHAL ZIGAREV OF AEROFLOT AND LORD DOUGLAS OF B.E.A., IN MOSCOW. An agreement covering direct air services by B.E.A. and the Russian Aeroflot between London and Moscow, via Copenhagen, was signed in Moscow on February 26. The service is expected to start in the summer, with two flights a week by each air-line.



AT FASLANE, ON THE GARE LOCH, SCOTLAND: A VIEW OF PART OF THE BATTLESHIP H.M.S. ANSON, WHICH IS NOW BEING BROKEN UP.



ONCE A PROUD BRITISH FIGHTING SHIP: THE DESERTED DUKE OF YORK WAITING TO BE BROKEN UP AT FASLANE.

THE SAD FATE OF THE BATTLESHIP: TWO OF THE DOOMED "KING GEORGE V" CLASS GO TO THE BREAKERS.

It was officially announced in the 1957-58 Navy Estimates that all four battleships of the "King George V" class were to be scrapped. These are *Anson*, *Duke of York*, *Howe* and *King George V*, and the first two have recently gone to the breakers. They will be dismantled at Faslane, on the Gare Loch, an inlet of the Clyde. The fifth ship of this class, *Prince of Wales*, was lost in 1941. Each ship has a standard displacement of

35,000 tons and their armament includes ten 14-in. guns. The sole survivor of Britain's battleships is H.M.S. *Vanguard*, which is of 44,500 tons and which was placed in reserve in a state of preservation in 1956. Last year it was estimated that twenty-two reasonably modern battleships were still afloat, many of these being obsolete and in reserve. *Anson* was in ten actions and *Duke of York* in fourteen in the Second World War.

THE RESTORATION OF STONEHENGE: A BOLD MINISTRY OF WORKS PROJECT.



STONEHENGE, AS IT PROBABLY WAS AT ITS FULLEST DEVELOPMENT, SOME 3000 YEARS AGO: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY ALAN SORRELL, LOOKING SOUTH-WESTWARDS.



STONEHENGE FROM THE AIR, LOOKING NORTH-WESTWARDS. THE TRILITHON TO BE ERECTED LIES BEHIND THE TALLEST MEGALITH. [Photograph by Aerofilms.]



STONEHENGE AS IT WAS IN ABOUT 1675-1700—FROM THE WEST—AN ENGRAVING BY D. LOGGAN. THE TRILITHON NOW TO BE ERECTED IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE.

(Right.) STONEHENGE TO-DAY, FROM NEARLY THE SAME VIEWPOINT AS THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING (TOP LEFT). THE PROPOSED RESTORATION WORK WILL BE ON THE FAR SIDE.

ON February 25 the Minister of Works, Mr. Hugh Molson, announced that the Ministry were preparing to re-erect five of the stones of Stonehenge, between March and midsummer, when the work should be completed and the site "left perfect." The five stones are those known to have fallen in the last 163 years. The principal operation will be the raising of the three stones (Nos. 57, 58 and 158) of the trilithon immediately to the west of the altar-stone. These stones, which fell in January 1797, are all intact and consist of

[Continued below, right.]



"A PROSPECT OF STONEHENGE FROM THE SOUTH": ANOTHER ENGRAVING BY D. LOGGAN AND ALSO DATING FROM THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE NOW-FALLEN TRILITHON IS LEFT CENTRE.

(Left.) STONEHENGE, LOOKING EAST-NORTH-EAST. THE FIVE FALLEN STONES, TO BE RE-ERECTED, ARE ALL LYING TOGETHER IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.

[Continued.]

two standards and a lintel. The other stones to be raised are No. 22, one of the standards of the outer circle; and No. 122, a broken stone (which will be discreetly repaired), which will be raised to its original position as the lintel of stones 22 and 21 (which is still standing). Stones 22 and 122 fell as recently as 1900. The project, which has the approval of most archæologists, is to re-create the monument as it was after it was desecrated by the Romans and also to preserve from footsteps some shallow "Mycenæan" carvings recently discovered on the surfaces of the fallen stones.



CHAOS AND DANGER ON THE ROADS IN THE WORST BLIZZARD SINCE 1947



SOME OF THE 1000 VEHICLES TRAPPED TAIL TO TAIL BY THE BLIZZARD OF FEBRUARY 24-25 ON THE WOODHEAD PASS, BETWEEN SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER.



ANOTHER AERIAL VIEW OF THE WOODHEAD PASS AFTER THE NORTH'S "WORST BLIZZARD SINCE 1947." IN ONE BUS MORE THAN FIFTY PEOPLE WERE TRAPPED OVERNIGHT.



ONLY A FEW ROOFS REVEAL THAT SOME 150 VEHICLES ARE COVERED IN THE SNOWDRIFTS ON THE A.6 ROAD AT BLACKROD, NOT FAR FROM WIGAN, IN LANCASHIRE.

ON February 24 heavy snowfalls and high winds blocked many roads in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire; and on February 25 this was followed by the worst snowfall of the winter throughout most of the country. In Yorkshire and Lancashire especially the conditions were described as being as bad as or worse than the worst conditions of 1947. The A.A. reported that 100 important roads throughout the country were blocked by drifts up to 9 ft. and over 30,000 miles of road in virtually every county of England and Wales were affected. Many towns and villages were cut off from supplies and train services were drastically affected, alike in the north and south of England, many services being cancelled and some trains running many hours late. The number of cars abandoned ran into thousands; and although in many cases the drivers were able to get away to safety, many others were trapped overnight on February 24-25 in their stranded vehicles, a notable example being the bus containing fifty persons and including a six-month baby, which was caught on the Woodhead Pass.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FATHER, AUNT, MOTHER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY earlier "King Lear" programmes—a plump sheaf of them—are scrawled over thickly. The programme of the current Old Vic revival has even its margins almost untouched. Why is this? Not, I am afraid, because excitement prevented me from making a note. Simply because there was oddly little in the main performance to stir comment. That is strange. I had long expected Paul Rogers to stand with the major Lears, the forest oaks, of his period. One day, I think, he will: this is, perhaps, too soon.

It is not that he lacks the mind and the technique. He is, as we know, a splendid character actor. It is merely that he excites so seldom. We might be observing the text as it is written out in a copper-plate hand with hardly a stumble: correct but featureless. We come from the theatre, having heard the play again without experiencing it. That bodes ill: soon the performance will have flaked from memory.

Even so, I will not be too disconsolate because I am sure we shall meet Rogers's Lear once more. Then there may be something to add to my former memories—of the way Randle Ayrton, in the Stratford makeshift theatre, used to speak "We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage"; of the same actor on high among Komisarjevsky's gold trumpets; of the young William Devlin in the shattering terror of his fall; of Werner Krauss striking apart the map with his sword; of Gielgud's second Lear, in the fever-chills of the hovel; of Abraham Sofaer as he uttered the curse; of Wolfit's Promethean splendour in the storm; and of Olivier's entry crowned with "rank fumiter and furrow-weed." Other performances also; but these are the Lears that fix my memory. If I am to choose any passage from Paul Rogers, it will be the enunciation of the quintuple "Never." Then he does fill our minds with the ultimate sorrow of the lost. But, a moment later, Lear is dead. We enter the royal presence too late.

Throughout the night, let me say at once, Paul Rogers has been acting with his invariable power and assurance. Always, I am afraid, it is acting: power without glory. Lear is never cut to the brains. And I did wonder very much in the early passages why this monarch, among the lustiest I have ever known, should have thought of dividing his kingdom. I doubt whether the idea would have occurred to this royal ancient (Mr. Rogers has composed for him a fine head, a snow-capped crag). The actor is seeking, no doubt, to avoid a too facile senility, but I wanted some hint that Lear was on the edge. Elsewhere—though one must be timid of transferring any critical judgment—I was reminded over and over of a passage from James Agate's notice of Hubert Carter's Lear more than thirty years ago: "This little piece of irony was capably delivered; that litre of passion was neatly decanted; the kindness of the old man was touchingly shown . . . the decline to madness was conscientiously done . . . the famous colloquy between Gloucester and Lear was conducted with an extreme nicety; the recognition of Cordelia had all the appurtenances of pathos; the dying was a full-lunged affair. But we waited in vain for the onslaught on sensibility which should overthrow us quite." Stay: as I have said, in the last

moment Mr. Rogers succeeded, and with that in our memory we must stand by for his next effort.

Douglas Seale's production is exceedingly fine in the elemental simplicities of the Leslie Hurry set. Two of the Vic performances do excite: Barbara Jefford's vicious Regan, Hell looking through her eyes; and Paul Daneman's quiet, tired Fool. Coral Browne, in evil pomp, has Goneril's measure; but always, of those sisters, I have to think of Regan first. There is much

Those who regret the elaborate summoning of gales and hurricanes need have no fear of this one. The words, that other storm in the mind, are never lost. Paul Rogers is in terrific voice, and the entire business has been accurately calculated. One thing in the production troubles me: Edgar and Edmund fight with immense two-handed swords, and the spectacle, for a minute or so, is disturbingly comic.

From betrayed father to giddy aunt. She is, of course, Charley's Aunt, Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez who comes—did you realise it?—from Pernambuco. In the American musical version, "Where's Charley?" at the Palace, Charley Wykeham is himself allowed to impersonate his aunt, and Lord Fancourt Babberley has vanished into the dark. Still, only purists will worry. George Abbott preserves the essence of the farce—no longer set specifically at St. Olde's—and Frank Loesser has supplied the kind of easy tunes we shall remember when "Charley's Aunt" next arrives "straight." (It will be odd to find Lord Fancourt Babberley back again.) Norman Wisdom is probably the most athletic aunt in the play's long record. He jumps and falls about with an obvious delight in jumping and falling. One thinks of this Charley as a scampering, lovable spaniel—that is, if it is possible to imagine a spaniel presiding, in the Aunt's bonnet and black satin, at the garden tea-party, and producing a remarkable brew of "char" in Spettigue's topper. This is gay, lively nonsense, complete now with interlude in Pernambuco, where the nuts come from, and with the cast loyally round Wisdom as he swoops over the stage, gunpowder-heeled and abundantly happy. I am glad that Jerry Desmonde is with him, even if we hope as a rule that this agreeable actor will bully Wisdom much as Alfred Drayton used to bully Robertson Hare. Instead, he is now playing Sir Francis Chesney, and he makes his first entrance in one of the most resolutely "period" hats I remember: something that only Mr. Desmonde, I imagine, could carry off with such an air.

Father, aunt—and now mother: at least, "The Sport of My Mad Mother," a title Ann Jellicoe has taken from a Hindu hymn, "All creation is the sport of my mad mother, Kali." The play turns out to be an expressionist caper, a coterie frolic. Its subject is a fear-dominated world. Episodes are "strung together with the apparent inconsequence of real life," and the affair becomes pretentious and rather silly. It is performed with much energy and appreciation at the Royal Court; but as "a poetic exposition of a certain world" (see programme) it makes a tedious night in the theatre.

I have room left merely to applaud the bravery of Margaret Rawlings. She is appearing as Phèdre in an English version of Racine's tragedy—a late-Victorian text edited by herself—and she manages to get across to us the passion, the terror, and the guilt. I do not yet applaud the style of Theatre-in-the-Round production used here; but the tragedy came through at 41, Fitzroy Square much better than I had feared, and playgoers at Birmingham, Leicester and Scarborough, whither "Phèdre" goes on tour, have a chance of discussing it. I never expected that I might remember an English Phèdre before a Lear.



"THIS IS GAY, LIVELY NONSENSE, COMPLETE NOW WITH INTERLUDE IN PERNAMBUCO, WHERE THE NUTS COME FROM": "WHERE'S CHARLEY?", SHOWING MR. SPETTIGUE (FELIX FELTON) IN PURSUIT OF CHARLEY (NORMAN WISDOM) IN A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL VERSION OF BRANDON THOMAS'S FARCE AT THE PALACE THEATRE.



"TWO OF THE VIC PERFORMANCES DO EXCITE—BARBARA JEFFORD'S VICIOUS REGAN . . . AND PAUL DANEMAN'S QUIET, TIRED FOOL": "KING LEAR" (OLD VIC), SHOWING A SCENE FROM DOUGLAS SEALE'S PRODUCTION WITH (L. TO R.) GONERIL (CORAL BROWNE), LEAR (PAUL ROGERS), REGAN (BARBARA JEFFORD), THE FOOL (PAUL DANEMAN) AND GLOUCESTER (DEREK FRANCIS).

careful work elsewhere, much apt contrivance. And the stage storm might have been heard across the Thames. As Kent said:

Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I ne'er
Remember to have heard.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SCHOOL" (Princes).—T. W. Robertson's mid-Victorian comedy, adapted (with lyrics) by Redmond Phillips, and with music by Christopher Whelen. Douglas Seale directs, Eleanor Drew is again the Naomi, as she was at the Birmingham Repertory last autumn, and Jean Bayless is the Bella. (March 4.)

"FALSTAFF" (Sadler's Wells).—The postponed revival of Verdi's opera. (March 4.)

"PARIS NOT SO GAY" (Oxford Playhouse).—A new comedy by Peter Ustinov. (March 4.)

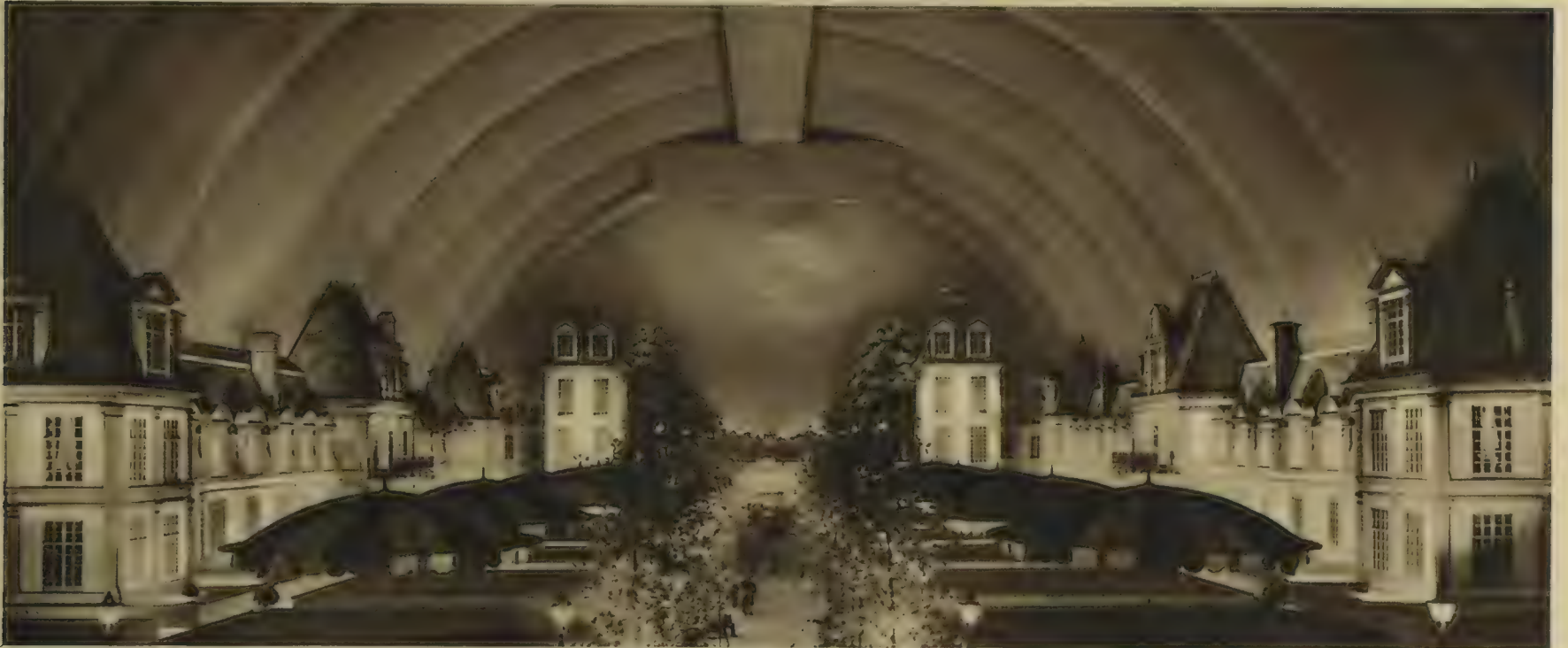
"FONTAINEBLEAU"—AT OLYMPIA; AND BUILDINGS ANCIENT AND MODERN.



A BRISTOL LANDMARK DESTROYED BY THE BRISTOL CITY COUNCIL: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH FRIESE-GREENE, THE INVENTOR OF CINEMATOGRAPHY, WAS BORN. Despite protests by a number of societies, who in 1955, the centenary of Friese-Greene's birth, affixed a plaque to the house, the pleasant Georgian house in which the inventor of Cinematography was born has now been pulled down in a town planning scheme.



MADE IN A VILLAGE SMITHY BETWEEN 1722 AND 1725: THE WROUGHT-IRON CHANCEL SCREEN OF DERBY CATHEDRAL. GATES BY THE SAME HAND HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE CATHEDRAL. The screen of Derby Cathedral was made by Robert Bakewell. Wrought-iron gates by him, made for a private house, which later became a Baptist chapel, have now been acquired and are being restored in a Kirk Langley smithy before being erected at the entrance to the Cathedral.



FONTAINEBLEAU—AT OLYMPIA: THE REPLICA OF THE COUR D'HONNEUR AT THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME JUBILEE EXHIBITION WHICH OPENED ON MARCH 3. The *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, which is this year celebrating its Golden Jubilee, the first exhibition having been staged in 1908, has chosen as the centrepiece of the hall at Olympia a replica of the Cour d'Honneur of the Palace of Fontainebleau.



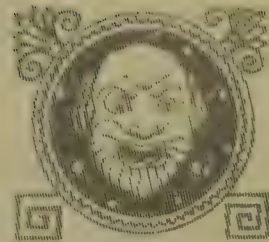
A PAIR OF THREE-BEDROOMED HOUSES, ERECTED AT THE COST OF £1000 EACH, EXCLUDING LAND AND SITE-WORK—OPENED BY THE MAYOR OF WORTHING ON FEBRUARY 27. These houses, part of a drive to reduce the cost of municipal housing, were designed and built by the firm of Gregory Housing (architect, Mr. J. E. S. Glover). The individual house has an overall space of 800 square feet, one entrance and ceiling height of 7 ft. 6 ins.



A MODERN CHURCH FOR A NEW TOWN: THE ALUMINIUM-SPIRED CHURCH OF ST. MARY AT CRAWLEY —THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH TO BE BUILT IN SUSSEX SINCE THE WAR. This church, which has been designed by Mr. D. F. Martin-Smith, has cost £54,000, including the vicarage. The church roof sweeps in a continuous line over the adjoining church hall; and the accent throughout is on light and space. The spire is mainly constructed of tubular aluminium.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



THESE COSY COMEDIES

By ALAN DENT.

JUST as I was meditating a nice cosy article on two nice cosy English film comedies which have recently come up for judgment, chance—not entirely unaffected by the persuasiveness of my colleagues—sent me to see two films called "Victory at Sea" and "Wild is the Wind." One is an American documentary about the last war as it happened at sea. The other is a fiction set on a sheep-farm in Nevada with that superb Italian actress, Anna Magnani, as a farmer's second wife, vainly trying to take the place of the dead first wife who was her own sister. These two great waves—one of actuality and one of genuine passion—have come rolling in upon my meditation on English comedy very much as real waves do come breaking in on a quiet beach when a huge ship has just passed in the distance. Very disconcerting to paddlers!

Now, what were the comedies? They were "Happy is the Bride" and "The Truth about Women." The first of these is really rather a "sell," since it turns out to be merely a re-make of Esther McCracken's twenty-year-old comedy called "Quiet Wedding," which we have already seen filmed under that title and the expert direction of Anthony Asquith. It is galvanised into some kind of life by Ian Carmichael, who plays the young bridegroom, and Janette Scott, who plays the young bride, is at least pretty. But Mr. Carmichael, our youngest hope and pride among the comedians, and one who has been coming along by flying leaps and dizzy bounds, surely takes a dizzy bound backwards in this one.

In the background are two maiden aunts—Aunt Florence, who is old-girlish, useful at the harmonium, and full of superstitions about behaviour at weddings, and Aunt Harriet, who is about as useful as a tea-cosy and has a face remarkably like one. The experienced reader might easily guess who plays these parts respectively. They are Joyce Grenfell and Athene

built. The character walks out of the job, and all the other workmen walk out "in sympathy." This scene is just beginning to be amusing, when

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



LAURENCE HARVEY AS HUMPHREY TAVISTOCK IN BRITISH LION'S "THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Laurence Harvey gives a performance of considerable charm and versatility in 'The Truth About Women.' This young actor has shed, to his own great advantage, an air of self-congratulation which marred most of his earlier appearances in films. Till now he has been a teen-ager's delight, but he now looks like considerably extending his public and raising its age. His future is bound to be interesting and adventurous."

the authors suddenly shelve it as if scared at their own temerity at being so up to date!

There are many more "old familiar faces" in "The Truth About Women"—Ernest Thesiger, for example, appearing as a judge and making a more incisive impression in a minute and a half than some bright young actresses do with a whole half-hour at the disposal of each of them. These play the heroines of various episodes in the career of a Lothario in the English Diplomatic Service—a part taken with considerable address and resource by Laurence Harvey. Mr. Harvey grows in charm in direct proportion to his growing less self-conscious about the possession of this quality in the past year or two. Marks are also made by Michael Denison as our hero's older, wiser, and more diplomatic friend called Rollo; by Diane Cilento as a free-thinking first love whom he finally marries; by Julie Harris as a bold little mouse dressed entirely in parma-violet and first encountered in a hotel elevator; and by a quite enchanting Turkish handmaiden—no more than a glimpse of this one!—memorably presented by Jackie Lane. For the much lengthier views we were granted of a determinedly unfaithful Parisian wife, as played by Eva Gabor, I cared very much less. But the whole film has the smoothness and fleetness of genuine light comedy, and the credit for this goes largely to Sydney and Muriel Box, who produced and devised it all.

The mind recedes, finally, away from these shallows back to those deeps again. "Victory at Sea" is a most remarkable and shattering synthesis with the best and best-spoken commentary I have ever heard in a film of this sort. This—with the genuine scenes it accompanies—points the full horror, cruelty, tedium, shame and pointlessness of war as we have waged it and as we must—it seems—go on waging it. Great credit to Henry Salomon for the direction and arrangement of the whole seventy-five minutes



UP BEFORE A DEAF MAGISTRATE (MILES MALLESON) WITH ONLY AN HOUR TO GO BEFORE HIS WEDDING: DAVID CHAYTOR (IAN CARMICHAEL; RIGHT) ANXIOUSLY LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AS THE LONG-WINDED COUNTRY CONSTABLE (TERRY-THOMAS) GIVES HIS EVIDENCE—A HILARIOUS SCENE FROM BRITISH LION'S "HAPPY IS THE BRIDE."



A CHALLENGE PRESENTED BY AN OUTRAGED HUSBAND: A SCENE FROM "THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN," WITH (L. TO R.) FRANCOIS (CHRISTOPHER LEE), HIS WIFE, LOUISE (EVA GABOR), THE MAID, MARCELLE (BALBINA), AND HUMPHREY TAVISTOCK (LAURENCE HARVEY). THIS FILM IS IN EASTMANCOLOUR.

Seyler, two rich and experienced actresses who surely deserve far better exploitation. Cannot some film-script writer conceive of a film in which these two could lead and not merely follow?

Also in the background—and with a part which lasts two minutes at most—is that admirably dry Cockney comedian, Victor Maddern, as a "shop steward" whom the bride's father dares to reprimand for taking too many rests and too many cups of tea while the new house is being

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"NAKED EARTH" (Generally Released: March 3).—How Richard Todd and Juliette Greco (a sultry newcomer) grew tobacco in darkest Africa, overcame crooks, shot crocodiles, and found love and fortune.

"PAL JOEY" (Generally Released: March 3).—How Frank Sinatra, as a night-club singer, humbled a rich lady—Rita Hayworth—with a past no better than his own. Both—to quote the best of the Richard Rodgers melodies—are bewitched, bothered, and bewildered.

"DISC JOCKEY JAMBOREE" (Generally Released: February 24).—A lively shindy, whether you call it animated rhythm or (as I do) rhythmic animalism. Jazz, in short, at its most orgiastic.

of it! And, on second thoughts, I must return later to the subject of the other serious event, "Wild is the Wind," with its stunning central performance by La Magnani. This is altogether too striking a thing to be merely dismissed in the prologue and the epilogue to a consideration of light comedy. Anything less cosy could hardly be conceived, and anything more tempestuous has not been seen in films since the same actress appeared in "The Rose Tattoo" of Tennessee Williams.

A FAMOUS GUNFIGHT OF THE WILD WEST: WYATT EARP AT THE O.K. CORRAL.

THE exciting life of Wyatt Earp has become well known to the British public through a television series and a recent serial account in one of London's evening papers, and one of his most famous exploits was the subject of the film "The Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," telling the story of one of the most celebrated clashes between outlaw and peace officer in the history of the old frontier days of the Wild West. The shooting at the O.K. Corral, in Tombstone, Arizona, which lasted only about 30 seconds and in which the three Earp brothers and Doc Holliday, without loss of life, killed three of their five outlaw opponents, is re-enacted there every year, partly for the purpose of raising funds to restore Tombstone as it was in the frontier days. Some time ago, the British artist Terence Cuneo, whose work is well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News*, reconstructed the scene of the shooting in the painting on this page which was reproduced in the now-defunct *Strand Magazine*. Following this, he was invited to Tombstone as a guest of honour at the Helldorado, as the annual dramatisation is known. While there, Mr. Cuneo produced a number of works, and his paintings of Arizona subjects, together with some of his ceremonial works, are to be exhibited in a one-man show in London later this year. The story of Wyatt Earp, who lived from 1848 to 1929, is told in detail by Stuart N. Lake in "He Carried a Six-Shooter" (Peter Nevill). The fight at the O.K. Corral, which took place on October 26, 1881, was the climax of the enmity between the Earp brothers and the notorious Clanton Mob. Wyatt Earp became a peace officer in Tombstone after first trying to set up a transport business there.



THE ANNUAL RE-ENACTING (WITHOUT THE HORSES) AT TOMBSTONE OF THE SHOOTING AT THE O.K. CORRAL: THE MEN ON THE FAR SIDE REPRESENT WYATT EARP, HIS TWO BROTHERS AND DOC HOLLIDAY, AND NEARER THE CAMERA ARE THE OUTLAWS.



THE PAINTING OF THE O.K. CORRAL GUN-FIGHT, WHICH WAS PUBLISHED IN THE *STRAND MAGAZINE* AND RESULTED IN A VISIT TO TOMBSTONE FOR THE ARTIST, TERENCE CUNEO.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is all very well, indeed it must be glorious to arrive at a bound. But then the next novel becomes a hazard, and the third, when surprise is spent and "development" ought to set in, a major hazard. I wish it were possible to say that "I Like it Here," by Kingsley Amis (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), had cleared this hurdle in style, or indeed at all. For Mr. Amis, whatever one may think of his exact stature, is a disarming writer. He was disarming even the second time, as Lucky Jim over again; and he is still disarming as a permanent Lucky Jim under a third name. But there are signs, alas, that he may solidify into a disarming bore.

The present novel takes us half-way; it is a very thin story about Lucky Jim on the Continent. Garret Bowen (to use the current name) has a wife and three children, a mother-in-law bug, an anti-cultural bug as usual, and "abroad"-phobia. Now he is being yanked off to that hateful region, by the pertinacity of his Barbara and the too-handsome offers of an American editor. For with all his mopping and mowing at culture, it is his source of livelihood; indeed, he has chosen Portugal by request, as the habitat of one Wulfstan Strether, an "elder genius"—or of someone purporting to be Strether. After a lapse of ten years, the genius may have produced a final, rather bad book. Or it may be faked; and Bowen agrees to inspect the claimant. . . .

An absurd, rather nice old boy; but little is made of the inquiry, or of anything else. Bowen is too busy not being imposed on by abroad, and not seeing the sights: too busy impersonating himself, prancing with war-whoops on his distant mother-in-law, biting his lip over a careless allusion to *Childe Harold*, a hint of non-nescience about Elgar, and venting "Uncontrollable laughter" at Strether's bookcase—"Under Western Eyes" bim bam a bomber bum. Then 'Portrait of a Lady.' Oh, Christ. . . . Of course it's only his fun; he is very courteous and discreet about living authors, he is not a philistine, he is not a bit nasty to Portugal, he is a nice chap. But what tiresome fun, and what a lot of it! Cocking snooks, we find, can be as laboured as the culture- and abroad-snobbery Mr. Amis is so rightly down on. Even in this book there are flashes of spontaneity, and non-schoolboy jokes; but they are too aimless to keep one going. And it is sad to see an *enfant terrible* threatened with hardening of the arteries.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Person of Discretion," by Alice Acland (Collins; 13s. 6d.), is all to do with "abroad," yet perfectly unaffected, and much quieter than Mr. Amis. Quieter in tone—though the events erupt from a world of nightmare. The three Gruneval sisters are half-Belgian, half-English; they are very different in character, and the Occupation affects them in different ways. The austere, high-minded Claude has joined a Resistance group. Isabelle has an easy life, with a Rumanian husband deep in the black market and who knows what is what; though not mercenary—she just likes cads. And Louise is scared all the time: racked by the whole set-up, yearning for the security of her mother's country. Soon she has lost Claude, and Isabelle has lost Rudi, by an act of treachery. Then Belgium is liberated. Louise falls in love with a British officer, and goes to stay at his home. And there she finds that Mrs. Trentham's pet neighbour is the rich, well-bred, formidable dilettante—the "person of discretion"—who may have tipped off the Gestapo. All Robert has to say of her revelation is on no account to tell Mother; and though the van Curingem question gets resolved—rather too abruptly—the daydream of ancient peace is shattered. She must live with people who know the score.

One may have doubts of the score. But on the quiet side—above all, in the shades of family atmosphere—there is great nicety and distinction.

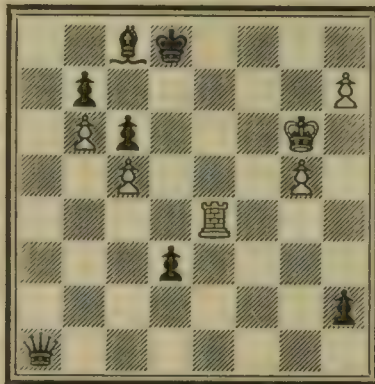
"The Fruit Tramp," by Vinnie Williams (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), is a homely, tenuous little drama, with an immense range: the "picking circuit" from Maine to Florida, and points west. At the age of eight, Polk Watson is adopted by Uncle Chunk, a frog-faced little crop-hand with dimes in his shoes. He has a good time on the route; but when he wants to leave it and settle down, Uncle Chunk is too old to be deserted, and has lost his bounce and sweet nature. That is the whole plot; but with the nomadic episodes, and the forlorn, desperate character of Fawny, it is enough. All the scenes are vivid; and Uncle Chunk's death is such a strange little disaster, it has the ring of fact.

"Miss Hogg and the Dead Dean" by Austin Lee (Cape; 13s. 6d.), features the cathedral city of Warchester—where the Dean is justly hated all round. A whole raft of people have been denouncing him as unfit to live, when he is found murdered in Bishop Boumfrey's library. Miss Hogg comes into it through her acquaintance with Mrs. Parker, whose son is chaplain to the theological college, and was improbably roof-climbing over the scene of action at the wrong moment. All very nice: an always agreeable scatty sleuth, in an atmosphere of mad hatter's teaparty and red herrings for their own sake.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

Black.



White.

White to play and force a draw.

THIS delightful little end-game study, specially composed for *The Illustrated London News*, is by our old friend Mr. T. K. Wigan.

I must mention that the greater part of the remainder of these "Notes" is devoted to the solution, so don't let your eye wander any further if you want to have a respectable try at solving it.

The main line is as piquant as it is beautiful. The key-move is 1. R-K8ch (a check is perfectly allowable as a key-move for an end-game study, especially when, as here, it gives away White's only piece). If 1... K×R then 2. P-R8(Q)ch and 2... Q×Q is stalemate!

So Black, who, in an actual game, might well have grabbed that rook without a moment's thought, has to chew around in a desperate search for less obvious alternatives. After all, with one queen on the board and two others on the way, he has reserve strength in abundance.

Well, then, 1. R-K8ch, K-Q2; 2. P-R8(Q), Q×Q; 3. R×Q, P-Q7. Now the rook cannot stop both pawns from queening but doesn't need to: 4. K-B6! and now if 4... P-Q8(Q), then 5. R-R7ch, K-K1 (or Q1); 6. R-R8ch draws by perpetual check.

Curiously, the most dangerous variation for White is 1. R-K8ch, K×R; 2. P-R8(Q)ch, K-K2; 3. Q×Q, K-K3! (not 3... P-Q7 threatening 4... B-K15, because 4. Q-B6ch then wins easily). White has to play now with great precision, for capturing one of the black seventh-rank pawns will normally let in the other. Here, I think I have found a more clean-cut method even than Mr. Wigan's own analysis, of ensuring the soundness of his own composition. I play 4. Q-R2ch. If now 4... K-K4; 5. Q×Pch, K-Q5; 6. Q-Q2 and White wins by shepherding home his own King's Knight's Pawn; 4... K-K2, on the other hand, allows mate in a few moves by 5. Q-B7ch, K-Q1; 6. K-B6. Mr. Wigan's solution was slightly more diffuse.

It only remains to confirm that the intended solution is the only solution. This is easier than in most studies owing to the great forces at Black's command. Reversing White's first two moves, for instance, won't do: 1. P-R8(Q), Q×Q; 2. R-K8ch, Q×R check is anything but a draw. Yes, the composition is perfectly sound, from both the positive and negative viewpoints.

To my mind, Mr. Wigan's effort compares well with the average Russian study, if not the very best.

at a disadvantage. Sometimes he lets himself go, as in his description of St. Moritz: "With its Cadillacs, its mink coats, its poodles with their little coats (possibly of the same material), its fashion parades, and the constant pageantry of people who like to wear most colourful *après-ski* clothing without going to all the trouble of taking exercise beforehand, St. Moritz is an unparalleled spectacle." My old friend Sir Arnold Lunn has contributed a foreword.

Every year, those two impressive volumes, "Jane's Fighting Ships" and "Jane's All The World's Aircraft" (Sampson Low; 5 gns. each), seem to get larger and fuller. This edition of "Fighting Ships" marks a diamond jubilee. Besides their value for reference, these have always been books to stir the interest and imagination of those whom reviewers all too often describe as "boys of all ages."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

MOUNTAINS, MEN AND SNOW; AND "JANE'S."

WE have been hearing a good deal about Polar exploration lately, and I picked up "Nansen" (translated from the Norwegian by Maurice Michael; Longmans; 30s.), a family portrait by the explorer's daughter, Liv Nansen Høyer, rather doubtfully. I need not have worried. There is a good deal of ice, and several polar bears, but there is also an intriguing portrait of one of the most odd and contradictory temperaments I have lately encountered in biography. Young Nansen was something of a trial to his family. His talents were so many and various that he could not be persuaded to settle down to any particular career. In the end he became a zoologist, only to abandon this form of science for exploration, oceanography, politics, and humanitarian relief after the First World War. Meanwhile he had met and married his first wife, Eva, and founded the family of whom Mrs. Høyer was the eldest daughter. Much of this book, of course, is devoted to giving the family background, and except for some perhaps natural reticences—Nansen's second marriage is abruptly dismissed in a single sentence at the end of a chapter—Mrs. Høyer succeeds in filling in both lights and shades so as to make a striking picture. If psychological textbooks were invariably accurate, Nansen's children should have grown up with every conceivable complex. He was a stern father, absent for long periods, moody, melancholy, or uproariously gay, a generous host and a family miser. He loved his first wife, and never really recovered from the shock of her death, but before then he had got himself into an incompetent entanglement with another lady who threatened to commit suicide because of him. All this was going on while Nansen was playing a leading part in Norway's break-away from Sweden, and during his spell as first Norwegian Minister in London. Though I hesitate to say so, with so many explorers thronging the regions of Antarctica at the moment, there seems to be something about this exercise which makes men very odd indeed. Perhaps there is safety in numbers. When Nansen sailed in the *Fram*, he and a single companion had to spend an entire winter marooned on an island off Franz Josef Land, in conditions which I myself cannot contemplate without strong emotions of horror. (Incidentally, I am much surprised to find how often these intrepid gentlemen fall into water between ice-floes, when the temperature is many degrees below freezing-point. A single such immersion would probably kill most of us.) But when Nansen returned, he found it exceedingly difficult to settle down to an ordinary civilised existence. It was, I suppose, "the noise and the people." The photograph which appears on the dust-cover of this book shows a man with a strong expression of *Angst*. It is not surprising. What is surprising is that he accomplished so much, in so many different fields of endeavour, and that in spite of his temperament he won so much love and affection, both inside and outside his family circle.

As one who does almost all his exploration vicariously, I enjoy browsing through such books as "Mountaineering in Britain" (Phoenix House; 45s.), by Ronald W. Clark and Edward C. Pyatt. This work takes us from the earliest days of the nineteenth century to the climbers of to-day. The book is a chronicle, and like all chronicles it contains a good deal of detailed information which the non-expert may be inclined to hurry over, but there are many descriptive passages which it would be a pity to miss by a too cursory reading. The illustrations are many and good. One in particular, of a young man hanging suspended, apparently by his finger-nails, from a nasty piece of rock, with no foothold at all and a drop of thousands of feet below him, made me feel distinctly sick.

Those who, like myself, prefer to traverse rather less precipitous slopes on ski will enjoy "The Ski Runs of Switzerland" (Michael Joseph; 35s.), by James Riddell. This again is primarily a work of reference, and the skier who likes planning his holiday, his excursions and his runs well in advance will find it invaluable. Mr. Riddell gives details of accommodation, ski-lifts, and the various runs available from each centre. His estimate of what should be regarded as easy, medium or difficult is sound, and he does not encourage beginners to go to centres where they will find themselves



Bomber pilot rolls steel plate *-and finds it not so different!*

Jim McCubbin has a rewarding job—in every sense. Story by David Murray, writer and T.V. commentator. Pictures by Kurt Hutton.

Controlling great masses of red-hot steel calls for much the same qualities of concentration and skill as handling a four-engined bomber, says Jim McCubbin. He uses a complicated system of hand signals to govern the setting of the rolls.

TEN YEARS AGO Jim McCubbin never imagined that he would ever be one of three Rollers in the big plate mill at Dalzell Steel Works, Motherwell, the most powerful of its kind in all Britain.

His youthful ambition was to be a veterinary surgeon. But the war set him on another course. In 1939, he joined the Royal Air Force as an Aircraftman (2nd Class). He was soon a Sergeant Pilot, next a Flight Sergeant, and at length a Flight Lieutenant. As a bomber pilot he did two full tours of duty, one with Coastal and the other with Bomber Command. Coming out of the R.A.F. two years after the war, he flew for B.E.A.



between Belfast, Glasgow and London for another couple of years. That brought him to 1949, when he thought it was time to start a career with his two feet well on the ground.

HE GOT ON BETTER WITH HIS COAT OFF

The problem for ex-Flight Lieutenant James McCubbin, D.F.C., was what that career ought to be. Like many another young fellow out of the war, he did not fancy going back to his books. Having a good look at the steel trade in his native town it struck him that he need not go any further, and he jumped at the chance of a clerk's job in the Dalzell Steel Works. There he saw that he might make better progress with his jacket off than with it on.

To get among the pounding machinery, he became a stocktaker at the big plate mill. His big

chance came when a third shift was manned at the rolls. Getting into real working togs, he took on the job of Breaking Down—rolling the great white-hot slabs to the proper width and passing them on to the Roller. In 1953, by which time he had learned a very great deal the hard way, he himself became a Roller, charged with finishing the plates to gauge.

The three Plate Mill Rollers, who work in shift turns, are the key production men at Dalzell; it was rapid promotion for a man who had never set foot in a steel plant until he was close on thirty. But Jim McCubbin had rightly figured that there would be as good chances on the production side, as in the more bookish branches. He has, of course, attended classes and read more than the odd book on steel making. But his main classroom has been the plate mill.

As he says . . . "It's just like flying. You're up against mass power and the forces of nature. Even to stay still, you've got to keep going. . ."

WELL PAID—AND SATISFYING

Off the job, which in view of its responsibility is well paid, even by professional standards, he likes good books and good music. In the summer he golfs. But his chief spare-time hobby is three-year-old, sloe-eyed, dark-haired Patricia Ellis McCubbin. Her middle name comes from grandfather Ben Ellis who played football years ago for Motherwell F.C.

To see Jim McCubbin and his two buddies on the other shifts, Bob Jaffrey and John Lang, putting through the plates, you might think that plate rolling is easy. But hot, plastic steel is what the Scots call "kittle stuff." The job in fact calls

for as much stamina, nerve and operative skill as flying a big bomber.

That's why it's well paid. And that's one reason, though not the only one, why ex-Flight Lieutenant James McCubbin, D.F.C., went all out to be a Roller when he saw the chance.

As he says . . . "It feels as good to put in a good shift with no troubles, as to make the target and get back home."

This report was commissioned by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about Steel, and about the men and organisations that make it.



Away from it all? Jim McCubbin is perfectly content to play his favourite game within sight of the works.



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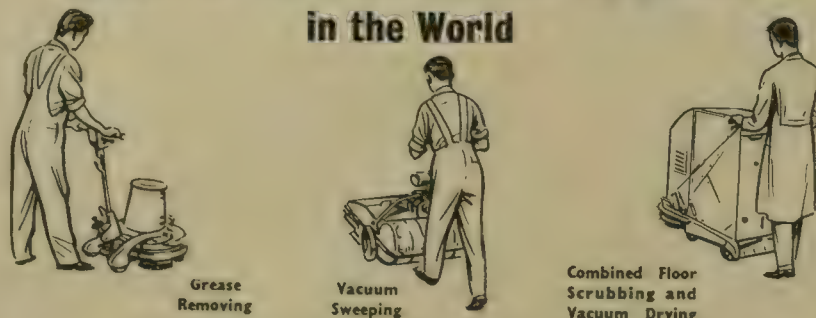
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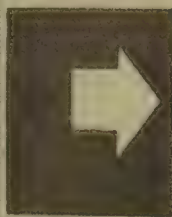
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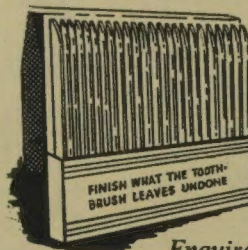
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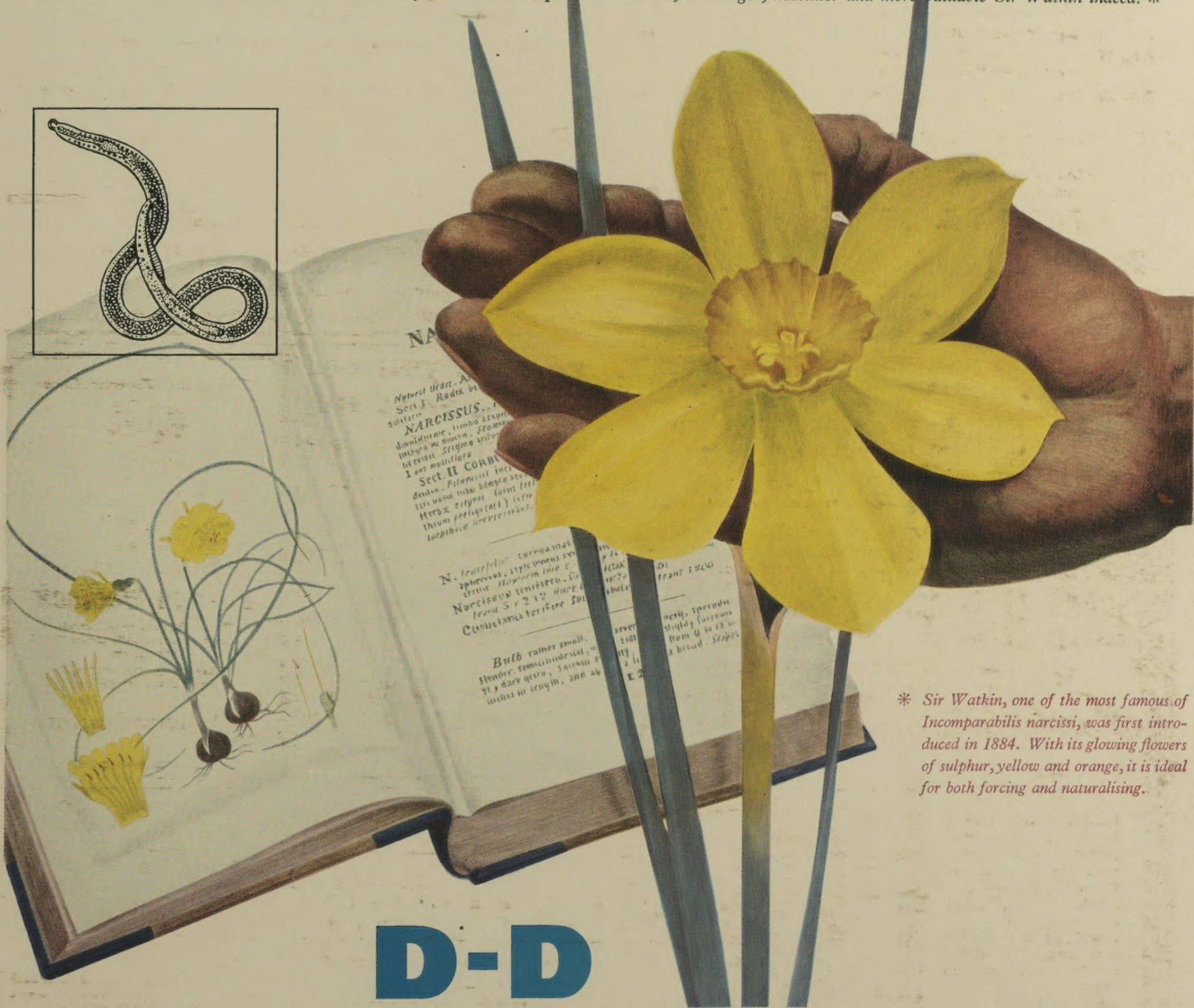
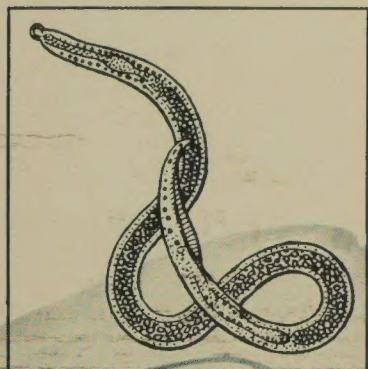
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